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THE HOLTON-CURRY READERS

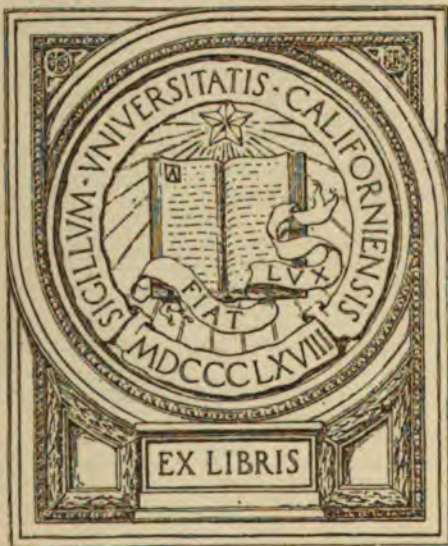


❖ SECOND READER ❖





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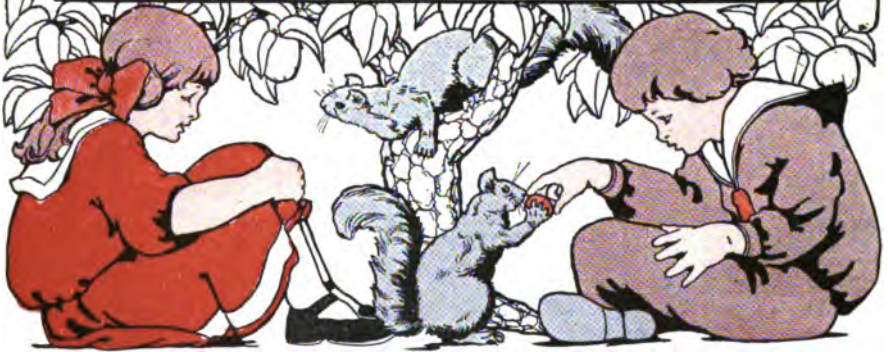
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HOLTON-CURRY READERS

THE SECOND READER



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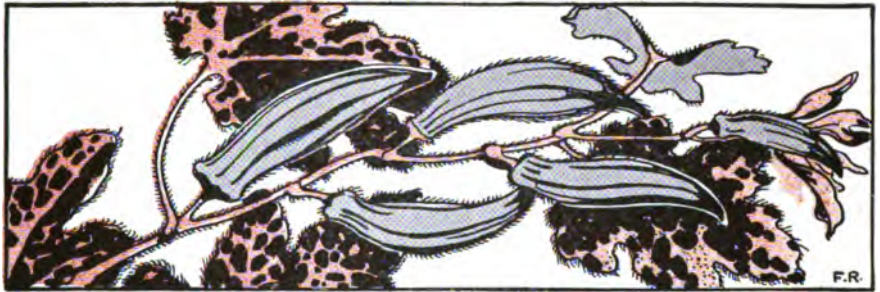
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Chicago



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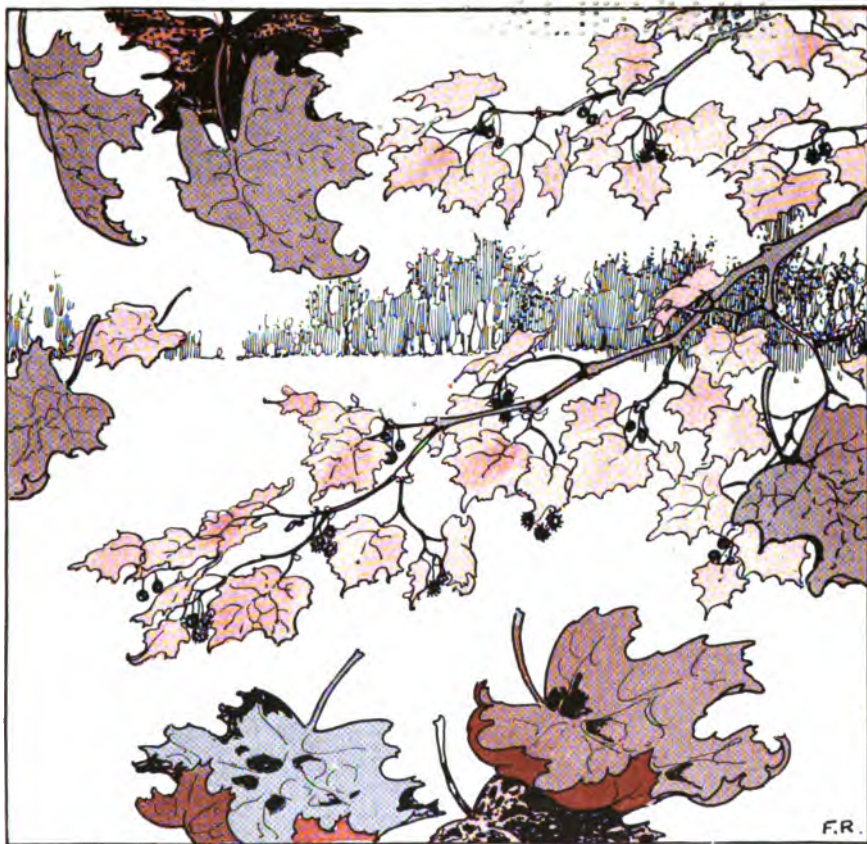
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AUTUMN DAYS





THE LITTLE LEAVES DANCE

Oh, the little leaves dance, and they whirl about,
 They whirl about,
 They whirl about,
Oh, the little leaves dance and they whirl about,
 They whirl about all day.

Till the North Wind comes with a laugh and
a shout,
With a laugh and a shout,
With a laugh and a shout,
Till the North Wind comes with a laugh and
a shout,
And whisks them all away.

WILHELMINA SEEGMILLER.

THE BUSY SQUIRREL

“Good morning, little squirrel! Are you busy to-day?”

“Yes, I am very, very busy. I am working as hard as I can every minute.

“The cold days are coming soon. I know they are coming. The leaves are red and yellow, and the nuts are ripe. That is why I am so busy, busy, every minute.

“I hear the nuts drop, drop, drop. I know they are ripe and sweet now. I want the ripe, sweet nuts to eat when Jack Frost comes and the cold North Wind blows, woo-woo-woo.

“I put the nuts in my nest. It’s in a hole in that tall tree. I carry them in my basket.



“My basket? My basket is my cheek. Ha! ha! ha! Have you a basket in your cheek?”

“The nuts I take to my nest are all good. Squirrels can tell good nuts, you know.

“‘How do I crack the nuts?’ did you say? I crack them with my teeth. Yes; I do. My teeth were made for cracking nuts.

“I have three baby squirrels in my nest. They are pretty as pretty can be. You can’t see them, but they are there.

“I must go now; my baby squirrels are hungry and want their dinner.

“Good-by! Good-by!”

ack	J	ack	Jack
ack	cr	ack	crack

The a sound in these words is called short a.

LITTLE SQUIRRELS, CRACK YOUR NUTS

(Read silently, then copy all the words you know)

Little squirrels, crack your nuts;
Chirp your busy tune;
Sound your merry rut-a-tuts—
Boys are coming soon!
Hide to-day, and pile to-day,
Hoard a goodly store;
When the boys are gone away,
You may find no more.
Hear you not their merry shout,
Song, and happy laughter?
Sure as leaping boys are out!
Girls are coming after.
Hide and pile, then, while you may;
Hoard a goodly store;
If the children come this way,
You will find no more.

MARY MAPES DODGE.

ide	h ide	hide	ipe	r ipe	ripe
ide	s ide	side	ite	b ite	bite

The i sound in these words is called long i.



THE CAT, THE MONKEY, AND THE CHESTNUTS

Once upon a time an old gray cat and a cunning little monkey lived in the same house.

The old gray cat and the cunning little monkey were very good friends.

One cold day in the fall they were sitting by the fire watching some chestnuts roast.

Pōp, went the chestnuts.

“Oh, how good those chestnuts smell!” said the monkey. “I must have some of them, but

how can I get them? If I put my paws into the fire, I shall burn them. I know what I'll do.

"Dear, dear Kitty," he said, in a sweet voice, "what beautiful paws you have.

"They are so soft and so beautiful, they were made to take chestnuts out of the fire. I know they were, Kitty.

"Just try it and see. Just try it and see, Kitty."

So the foolish old gray cat put her paw into the fire and pulled out the chestnuts.

"Meow, meow," she cried. "My poor paw! My poor paw!"

And while the old gray cat cried from her burns the cunning monkey ate all the chestnuts.

An Old Fable.

ade	m	ade	made
ake	m	ake	make

The a sound in these words is called long a.

Expression Drill:

so pretty	so tired	so beautiful
so busy	so little	so afraid

The little squirrel was so busy!

The little girl is so beautiful!

The north wind is so cold!

MY KITTY-CAT

But I love this cat the best,
Better far than all the rest.
And I hug her very tight,
And I love her day and night.
Kitty-cat! My kitty-cat!

igh says long i:

igh t	ight	n ight	night
igh t	ight	t ight	tight

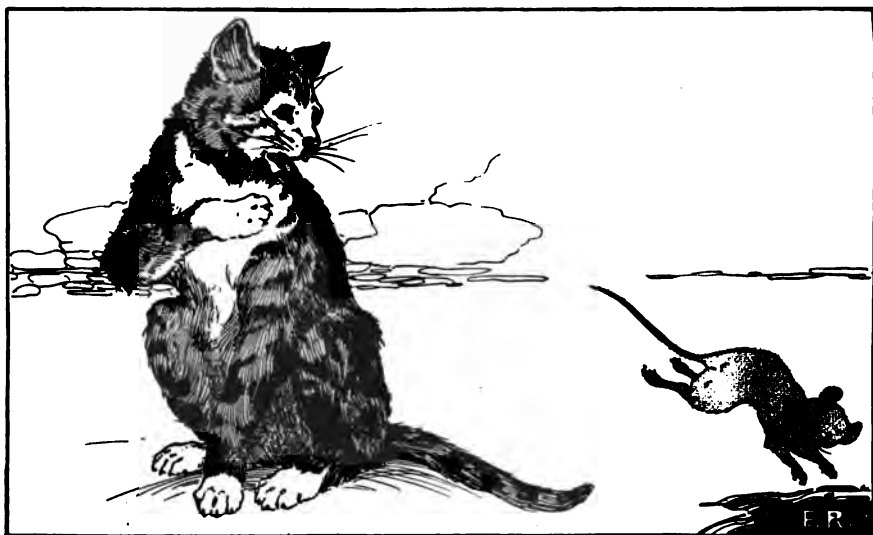
Expression Drill:

It is far, far, far away.
I came a long, long, long trip.
I saw the old, old, old woman.
The night was dark, dark, dark.
Down, down, down, we went.
The cold, cold wind blows and blows.

Give the sound of short a; give the sound of long a:

came	am	take	happy
that	ate	than	cakes

In which of these words do you find short a?
In which do you find long a?



WHY CATS WASH THEIR FACES AFTER EATING

One day a cat caught a mouse and was going to eat him for her dinner.

The little mouse said, "Kitty, you have caught me and you may eat me. But you must wash your face first. Yes, you must wash your face before you eat. All nice people wash first."

"Well, I think that is so," said Kitty. "I never thought of it."

And she let go of the little mouse and began to wash her face with her paw.

“Good-by, Kitty, good-by,” said the little gray mouse, as he ran into his hole.

“I see,” said Kitty, looking very wise. “After this I’ll eat first and wash my face afterwards.”

And to this day all cats eat first and wash afterwards. Watch them, and see if they don’t.

An Old Fable.

ace	f	ace	face
ace	r	ace	race

The c sound in these words is called soft c.

LITTLE FRISKY

PART I

HOME: Schoolroom

TREE: A chair.

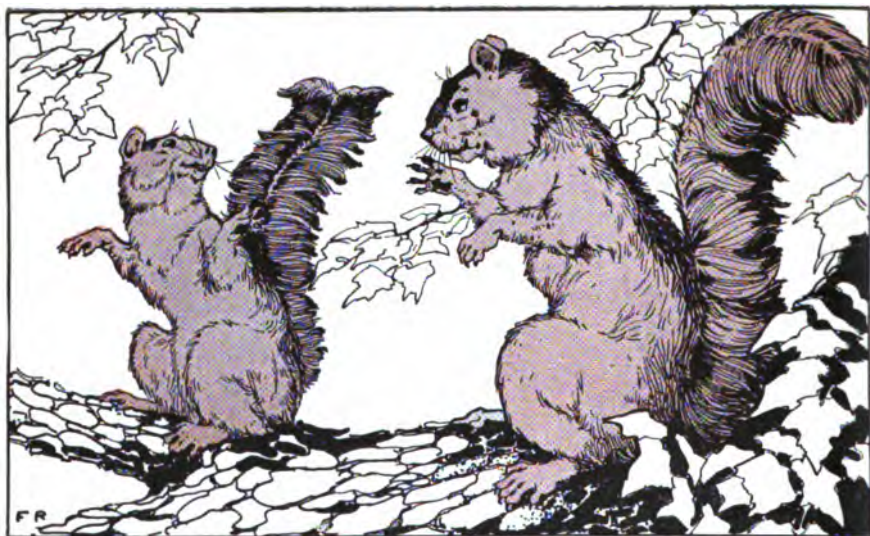
TRAP: A string

MOTHER SQUIRREL LITTLE FRISKY BOY

FRISKY. Please let me go out to play, mother! Please let me go! I am so tired of this nest. I will not go far away.

MOTHER. No, Frisky, you cannot go out to play. Don’t you go out while I am away. Now mind what I say, Frisky, mind what I say.

FRISKY. Why can’t I go, mother? Why can’t I? I want to run and play. Please let me go, mother!



MOTHER. No, no, Frisky; there is a big boy over at Mr. White's, and he wants a little squirrel like you. I heard him say so to-day. No, Frisky, you cannot go out. Now mind what I say.

(Mother goes away and Frisky goes out to play.)

FRISKY. I'm glad mother has gone away. I'm not afraid of a boy. He can't catch me. I can run faster than a boy, and I can climb a tree. What fun it is to run and play! Here are nuts, too. They are nice, sweet ones. I like nuts for my dinner.

a	r	ar	f	ar	far
a	rk	ark	d	ark	dark

LITTLE FRISKY

PART II

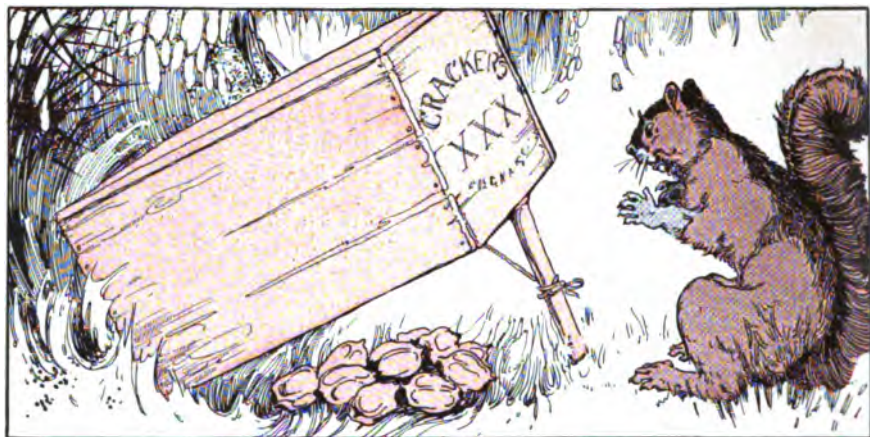
Boy. This trap will catch a squirrel, I'm sure. It will not hurt him very much, but it will catch him. I do want a little squirrel to put in my cage. I want him for a pet. I'll go away now and see if one will come.

FRISKY. My! My! What's this on my foot? I can't get away! Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I'm in a trap! I'm in a trap! Oh, dear! What shall I do? And here comes the boy from Mr. White's. Yes, here comes the boy. Oh, dear! Oh, dear!

Boy. Hello, little squirrel! Hello! You are not afraid of me. Do not try to get away. I shall not hurt you. I want to take you home with me.

I like little squirrels. I want to put you in my pretty cage. I'll give you apples and nuts to eat. Oh, you will have a good time. You'll have a red wheel to turn. Say "Good-by" to the trees, little squirrel. Say "Good-by" to the woods and trees.

ALL. Poor, poor, little Frisky! He did not



want to live in a cage. He did not want to turn a red wheel. He loved the woods and the pretty trees.

Poor little Frisky! Poor little squirrel!

et	l	et	let	est	n	est	nest
et	g	et	get	est	b	est	best
et	p	et	pet	est	r	est	rest

The e sound in these words is called short e.

Expression Drill:

Poor little boy!

Poor little squirrel!

Poor little bird!

Poor old dog!

Poor hungry kitty!

Poor tired baby!



THE BONFIRE

A bonfire! A bonfire!

Come, boys! Come, girls! Let's have a big,
big bonfire.

See the red leaves falling, falling, falling!

See the yellow leaves falling, falling, falling!

Oh, so many autumn leaves whirling and
dancing everywhere!

The garden is full of autumn leaves. They
will make a big, bright bonfire.

Rake them up, boys. Rake them up, girls.
Pile them high. Pile them as high as you can.

Isn't this great fun?

See the red sparks fly! High, high as the
houses they go.

Oh, see the smoke! See the smoke! Far
away over the trees goes the smoke.

Dance, girls, dance! Laugh, girls, laugh!

See the red sparks fly and whirl about!

Run, boys, run! Shout, boys, shout!

Fires in the fall! Bonfires! Bonfires!

Shout, boys, shout! The bonfire's out.

sh out shout sh all shall

Sh aftoe Shaftoe sh ine shine



AUTUMN FIRES

In the other gardens,
And all up the vale,
From the autumn bonfires
See the smoke trail!

Pleasant summer over,
And all the summer flowers;
The red fire blazes,
The gray smoke towers.

Sing a song of seasons,
Something bright in all;
Flowers in the summer,
Fires in the fall.

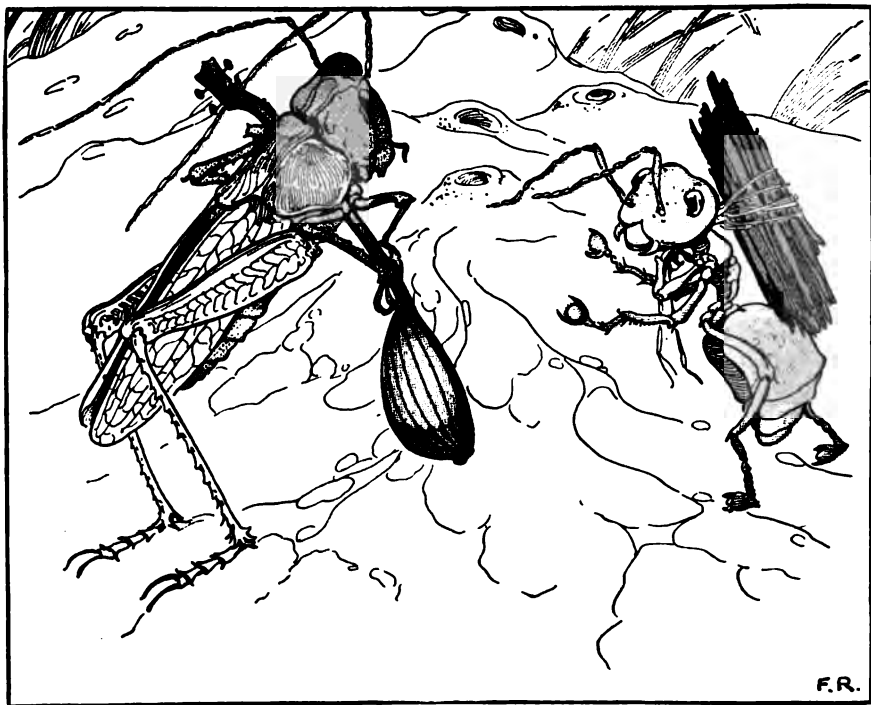
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

oke	sm	oke	smoke
ome	h	ome	home

The o sound in these words is called long o.

Expression Drill:

Big! big! big!	Bright! bright! bright!
High! high! high!	Blazes! blazes! blazes!
Fly! fly! fly!	Run! run! run!



THE ANT AND THE GRASSHOPPER

There was once a foolish little grasshopper.

He was a very, very foolish grasshopper.

All the long summer foolish Grasshopper
Green played and played.

All the long summer foolish Grasshopper
Green sang and sang.

All the long, warm, pleasant summer Grass-
hopper Green played and laughed and sang.

Now Grasshopper Green had a friend that was very wise, as you will see.

A busy little ant was his friend.

All the long summer the little ant worked and worked.

The little ant worked and worked all the warm summer while Grasshopper Green played and sang.

By and by, "Woo-oo-oo," went the cold north wind.

By and by, "Snap, snap," went Jack Frost.

Then poor little Grasshopper Green shivered and shivered.

Then foolish Grasshopper Green was very cold and hungry.

But his friend, the wise little ant, was happy. The wise little ant was glad.

An Old Fable.

Why was Grasshopper Green foolish?

Why was the little ant wise?

c old cold c ame came c age cage

The c sound in these words is called hard c.



GOLDEN HAIR AND BLUE EYES

PART I

Long, oh, so long ago, there was a little old woman who lived in a little old house on the top of the hill. She was so wise she could change people into birds or flowers. She was so wise that she knew everything about everybody. She knew just what everybody should do and just how they should do it.

This little old woman was not only wise but she was cross. She was so cross that people were afraid of her. At the foot of the hill lived Golden Hair and Blue Eyes. They were happy little girls

and they wanted to do something to make others happy. But they did not know what to do, and they had no one to tell them.

One day Golden Hair said to Blue Eyes: "I know what we'll do. We'll go and ask the wise little old woman how to make people happy. She knows everything, and she will know that."

So hand in hand Golden Hair and Blue Eyes started for the little old house of the wise little old woman at the top of the hill.

Word Building:

every thing

every body

some thing

everything

everybody

something

GOLDEN HAIR AND BLUE EYES

PART II

It was a warm day, and a long walk to the top of the hill.

By and by Golden Hair and Blue Eyes sat down under some trees by a brook. There they listened to the singing birds and watched the gray squirrels. They asked the busy bees why they worked all summer. They made a basket

of the pretty green leaves to take to the little old woman.

Then the bright yellow sun went down; the birds put their heads under their wings, and the squirrels ran to their nests. But the two little girls climbed on and on up the long hill.

At last they could see the little old house and there, standing at the door, was the little old woman. She looked as cross as she looked wise.

Golden Hair and Blue Eyes were afraid, and they kept close together.

In her sweet little voice Golden Hair said to the old woman, "We know you are very wise, and we came to ask you how to make people happy."

"Yes, please tell us how we can make people happy," said dear little Blue Eyes, gently. "Please tell us, and let us keep close together."

The wise little old woman laughed as she led the two little girls into her little old house.

Dear little Golden Hair and Blue Eyes were never seen again. But the next morning golden-rod and pretty blue asters were growing all over the hillside and by the brook.

And they have grown there close together ever



since the two little girls went into the little old house of the wise little old woman.

Retold from "Golden Hair and Blue Eyes" by FLORA COOKE.

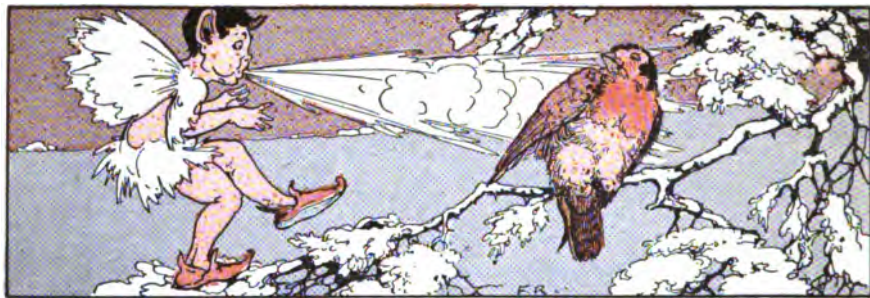
gen tly gently age c age cage

The g sound in these words is called soft g.

For Memorizing:

The lands are lit
With all the autumn blaze of goldenrod,
And everywhere the purple asters nod
And bend and wave and flit.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.



FROSTING

The earth is full of frosting,
 And every shrub and tree
 Is candy-frosting covered.
 Whose birthday can it be?

Has the cold north wind a birthday?
 Or has the moon, or sun?
 Or does Jack Frost make frosting
 Because he thinks it fun?

WILHELMINA SEEGMILLER.

un f un fun s un sun
 un s un sun sun shine sunshine
The u sound in these words is called short u.

op p op pop t op top
 op dr op drop st op stop
The o sound in these words is called short o.

WHY? WHO? WHAT?

Tell why little Frisky said, "Oh, dear! Oh, dear!"

Tell why Frisky's mother said, "Mind what I say."

Tell why the boys shouted.

Tell why the boys and girls piled the leaves so high.

Tell why the leaves were red and yellow.

Tell why Grasshopper Green was cold and hungry.

Tell why you like candy frosting.

Tell why boys like to make bonfires.

Tell who had a birthday.

Tell who caught the little squirrel.

Tell who pulled the chestnuts out of the fire.

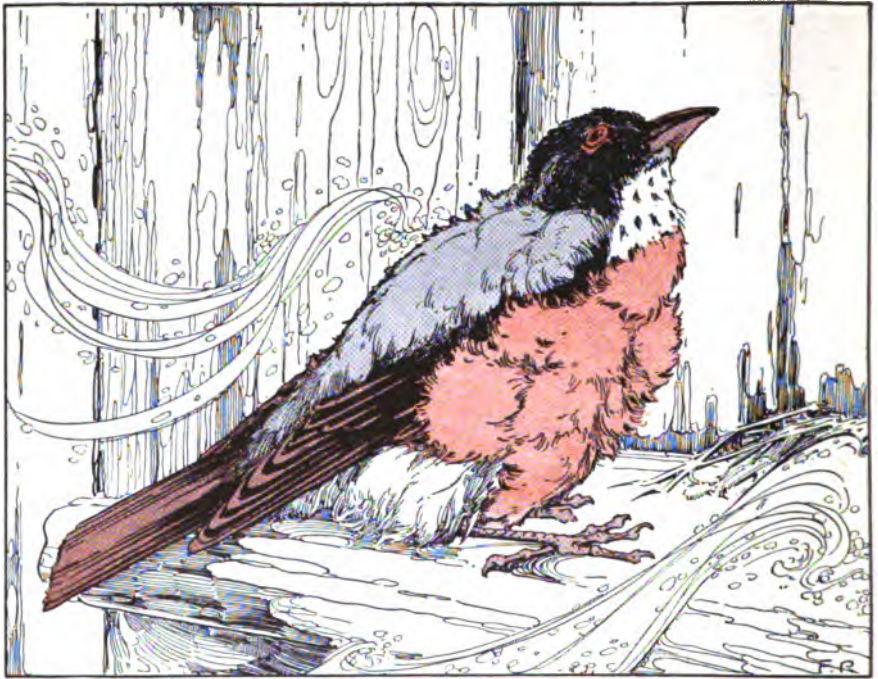
Tell what North Wind did to the leaves.

Tell what North Wind made the leaves do.

Tell what kind of a bonfire the boys made.

fires	came	smoke	made
rake	cried	wise	pile

In these words e has no sound. It is called silent e.



THE NORTH WIND

The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will poor robin do then,
Poor thing?

He'll sit in a barn,
And keep himself warm,
And hide his head under his wing,
Poor thing!

Expression Drill:

It was long, long ago.
The foolish, foolish grasshopper.
The north wind makes me shiver and shiver.
How very, very wise the little ant was.
Everybody, everybody, laughed and laughed.
The top of the hill was far, far away.
On and on and on, they walked.

Give the sound of short o; give the sound of long o:

top	cold	bonfire	robin
old	drop	snow	golden
going	cannot	yellow	everybody

In which words do you find short o?

THE PAPER BOY

Papers! Papers!
Morning papers! Morning papers!
All about the big fire!
Papers! Papers!
Just one cent.
Paper, mister? Paper, mister?
Buy a paper, mister.



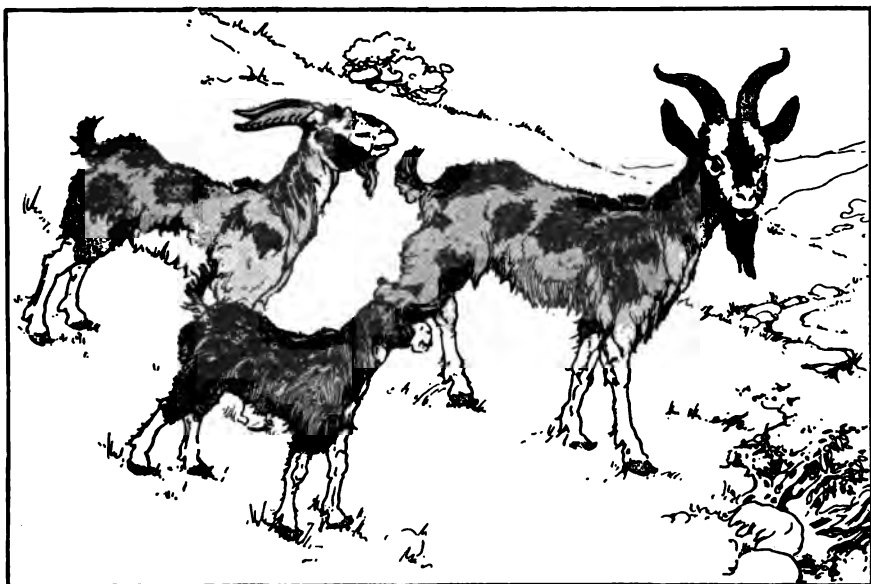
All about the big fire! Big fire!
 Morning papers! Morning papers!
 Just one cent! One cent!
 Papers! Morning papers!
 Papers! Papers! Papers!

cent	race	nice	cannot
crack	cried	candy	dancing
face	since	place	cracking

In which words do you find soft c?

**STORIES
MY GRANDMOTHER TOLD**





THE THREE BILLY GOATS GRUFF

PART I

Have you ever heard about the Goats Gruff? The Billy Goats Gruff? The Three Billy Goats Gruff?

Once upon a time there were three billy goats named Gruff. There was Big Billy Goat Gruff, there was Billy Goat Gruff, and there was Wee Billy Goat Gruff.

Now these Billy Goats Gruff were brothers. They lived on the side of a high, high hill and

ate all the grass they could find. But the hill was so high and so steep that only a little grass could grow.

Many, many times the three billy goats were hungry, and could find only a little grass for their dinner.

There was so little grass that Big Billy Goat Gruff couldn't grow fat. There was so very little grass that Billy Goat Gruff couldn't grow fat. And there was so very, very little grass that Wee Billy Goat Gruff couldn't grow fat.

Poor Billy Goats Gruff, so hungry!

No grass to eat, and they couldn't grow fat.

ill	h ill	hill
illy	B illy	Billy

The i sound in these words is called short i.

THE THREE BILLY GOATS GRUFF

PART II

One day the three billy goats were so hungry they didn't know what to do.

They said, "The grass looks sweet and fresh

on that other hill. Let's go over there and grow fat."

But on the way they had to cross a bridge, and under the bridge lived an old troll.

Billy goats are afraid of trolls, because sometimes—yes, sometimes—yes, sometimes—trolls eat billy goats. Yes, they do. Trolls sometimes eat billy goats.

At last Wee Billy Goat Gruff said, "I will cross the bridge. The troll will not eat me, I am so little. I am not afraid. I will cross the bridge."

So Wee Billy Goat Gruff stepped on the bridge. Trip, trap! trip, trap! went the bridge.

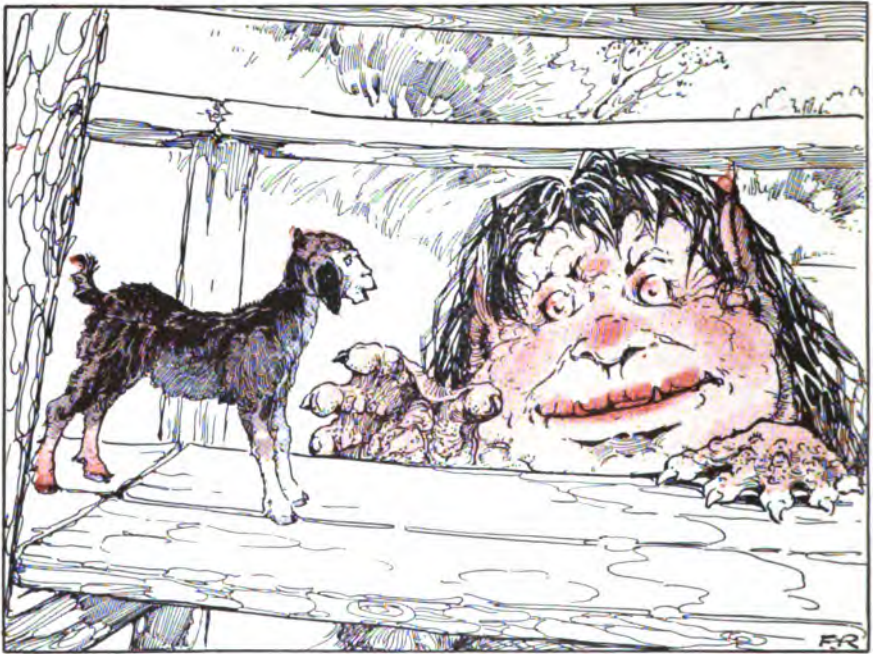
"Who trips over my bridge?" said the troll in his big, deep voice. "Who trips over my bridge?"

"Wee Billy Goat Gruff trips over your bridge."

"Where are you going, Wee Billy Goat Gruff?"

"I am going to eat the fresh, sweet grass on the hillside. I want to grow fat."

"You are, are you? We'll see about that. I want to grow fat, so I will come up there and eat you."



“Oh, do not eat me, old troll! I am so very, very little. Wait until Billy Goat Gruff comes along. He will cross the bridge in a minute. You can eat him.”

“Be off with you then,” said the troll.

Trip, trap! trip, trap! and Wee Billy Goat Gruff was on the hillside, eating the fresh, sweet grass.

e	r	er	ev	er	ever
e	r	er	o	ver	over
e	r	er	fast	er	faster

THE THREE BILLY GOATS GRUFF

PART III

As soon as Wee Billy Goat Gruff was on the hillside eating grass Billy Goat Gruff stepped on the bridge.

Trip, trap! trip, trap! went the bridge.

"Who trips over my bridge?" said the troll in his big, deep voice.

"Billy Goat Gruff trips over your bridge."

"Where are you going, Billy Goat Gruff?"

"I am going to eat the fresh, sweet grass on the hillside. I want to grow fat."

"You are, are you? We'll see about that. I want to grow fat, so I'll come there and eat you."

"Oh, do not eat me, old troll! Wait until Big Billy Goat Gruff comes along. He will cross the bridge in a minute. You can eat him."

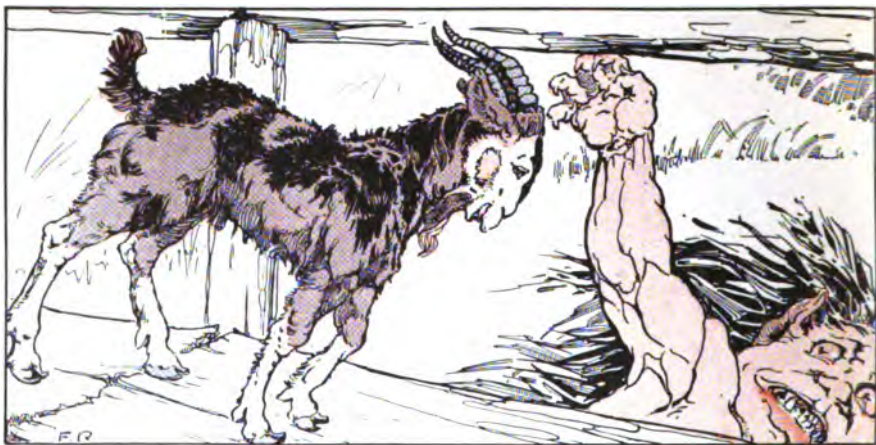
"Be off with you then," said the troll.

Trip, trap! trip, trap! and Billy Goat Gruff was on the hillside, eating the fresh, sweet grass.

Then Big Billy Gruff said, "I am not afraid of the troll. I can make him run."

Trip, trap! trip, trap! went the bridge.

"Who trips over my bridge?" said the troll.



“Big Billy Goat Gruff trips over your bridge. Come up here, old troll, and see how big I am. Come up here and see me.”

“I’ll come up there and eat you,” said the troll in his big, deep voice.

“Come along,” said Big Billy Goat Gruff. And up came the troll.

Then bump, bump! went Big Billy Goat’s horns, and away went the troll into the water.

Down, down, he went, and Big Billy Goat Gruff was soon eating fresh, sweet grass on the hillside and growing fat with his brothers.

An Old Norse Tale.

Gr uff Gruff Gr een Green
The g sound in these words is called hard g.



MISS MUFFET

TUFFET: A chair

CURDS AND WHEY: Water

MISS MUFFET

THE SPIDER

(School reads. Miss Muffet and spider act the story)

Little Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet,
Eating of curds and whey;
There came a great spider
Who sat down beside her,
And frightened Miss Muffet away.

Expression Drill:

You bad, bad dog! Go away, go away!

Stop, this very minute! Stop, I say!

The big, big spider frightened Miss Muffet
away.

Be off with you! Be off with you!

Oh, do not eat me! Do not eat me!

Alas! Alas! I have n't any honey.

Go home, you naughty boy. Go home at once.

THE BEE AND THE ROSE

"I hope you'll not accuse me,

But excuse me,"

Said the simple bee to the royal red rose,

"If I take a pot of honey

And don't put down my money,

For, alas! I haven't any, as all the world knows."

The Nursery.

une	t	une	tune
c use	ex	cuse	excuse
c use	ac	cuse	accuse

The u sound in these words is called long u.



JOHNNY CAKE

PART I

One fine summer day, a long, long time ago, an old woman made a large, round Johnny Cake for dinner.

The old woman put the Johnny Cake in the oven and told her little boy to watch and see that it didn't burn.

For a long time the little boy sat by the oven and watched the Johnny Cake. Then he played for just a minute and oh, my! what do you think that Johnny Cake did?

It did the queerest thing a Johnny Cake ever

could do. It rolled over and over, jumped out of the oven, and ran away!

Yes, it did, for the little boy saw it, and he said so.

"Mother! Mother!" he called. "Come quick! The Johnny Cake is running away."

"Stop, stop, Johnny Cake," called the little boy. "I want you for my dinner."

But Johnny Cake didn't stop.

Then the old woman ran after Johnny Cake, but she couldn't catch him.

"Father! Father!" called the little boy. "Johnny Cake is running away. I can't catch him, and mother can't catch him. Come, come, father, and catch Johnny Cake."

Father came, but he couldn't catch Johnny Cake. He ran faster and faster than you ever saw a Johnny Cake run. He ran just as fast as the wind. I wish you could have seen Johnny Cake run.

ou t	out	sh out	shout
ou nd	ound	r ound	round
ou nd	ound	f ound	found



JOHNNY CAKE

PART II

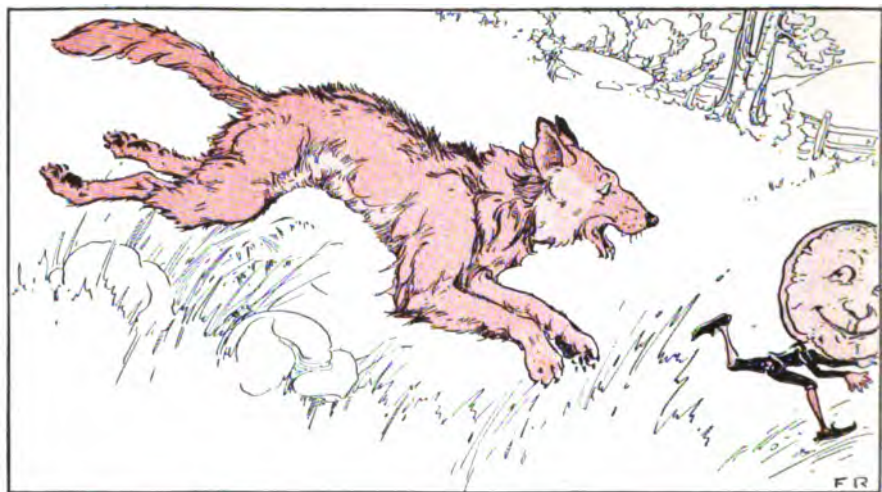
After Johnny Cake had run away from the little boy, the old woman, and the man he met a big, black bear.

The big, black bear was hungry and looking for something good for his dinner.

“Well, on my life, what is that running as fast as the wind? A Johnny Cake, as sure as I’m a bear—that’s a Johnny Cake, and just what I want for my dinner.

“Hello, Johnny Cake! Where are you going?” called the big, black bear.

“I have just run away from a little boy, an



old woman, and a man, and I can run away from you, too.”

“You can, can you? Well, I guess not. In about a minute I shall be eating you for my dinner,” and the big, black bear began to run after Johnny Cake.

But faster and faster and faster ran Johnny Cake. And the big, black bear saw that he couldn’t catch him, so he sat down to rest.

On and on ran Johnny Cake, till he met a hungry gray wolf.

“Hello, Johnny Cake,” said the wolf. “Where are you going? Why don’t you stop and rest under this tree?”

"Oh, I am not tired," said Johnny Cake. "I have run away from a little boy, an old woman, a man, and a big, black bear, and I can run away from you, too."

"Ho! Ho!" snapped the hungry gray wolf. "I'll see about that."

Then away went Johnny Cake and the wolf as fast as they could run.

But the wolf soon saw he couldn't catch Johnny Cake, and he didn't try any more.

be	he	me	eat
the	we	she	beat

The sound of e in these words is called long e.

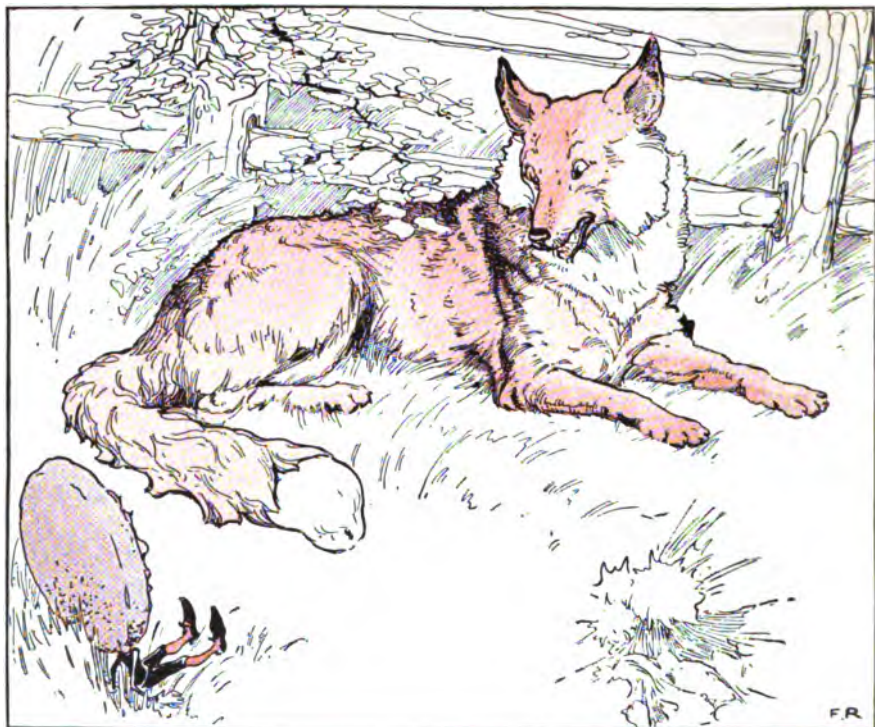
JOHNNY CAKE

PART III

Now Johnny Cake had run very fast a very long time, so he sat down to rest near a fence.

What should he see under the fence but a sleepy old fox.

"Hello, old fox," he said. "You are too sleepy to catch me. I am not afraid of you."



Looking out of the corner of one eye, the fox said in a tired, sleepy way, "Hello, Johnny Cake, where are you going?"

"I have run away from a little boy, an old woman, a man, a big, black bear, and a hungry gray wolf, and I can run away from you, too."

"Don't run away from me, Johnny Cake. Come a little nearer, I can't hear what you say. Come a little nearer. You must be very tired

after running so far and so fast. Why don't you lie down and go to sleep on the soft grass? Come a little nearer."

But when Johnny Cake came up close, snap went the sharp teeth of the old fox, and Johnny Cake was gone.

"You ran away from a little boy, an old woman, a man, a big, black bear, and a hungry gray wolf, but you didn't run away from the sleepy old fox.

"You didn't run away from the sleepy old fox," he said, licking his chops and looking slyly out of the corner of his eye.

An English Folk Tale.

ee	p	eep	sl	eep	sleep
ee	t	eet	sw	eet	sweet
ee	th	eeth	t	eeth	teeth

The sound of ee in these words is the same as long e.

Say slowly:

Father Fox found a fine fish.

Chickens and children like cherries.

I have balls, bells, birds, and baskets.



OLD KING COLE

Old King Cole
 Was a merry old soul,
 And a merry old soul was he;
 He called for his pipe,
 And he called for his bowl,
 And he called for his fiddlers three!

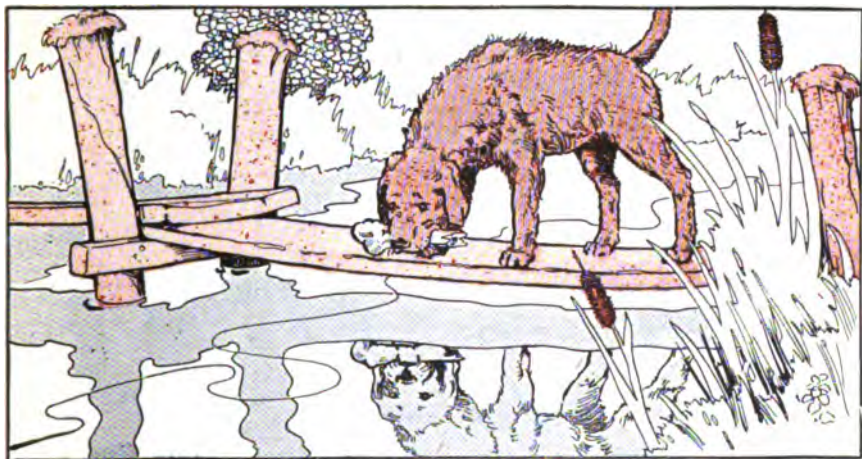
 And every fiddler, he had a fine fiddle,
 And a very fine fiddle had he;
 "Twee, tweedle dee, tweedle dee,"
 went the fiddlers.
 Oh, there's none so rare
 As can compare
 With Old King Cole and his fiddlers three.

a	re	are	r	are	rare
a	re	are	c	are	care

THE DOG AND HIS SHADOW

One day a dog found a nice, large bone.

He was not hungry, so he thought he would take the bone home with him.



On his way he had to cross a brook. As soon as he stepped on the bridge he saw another dog in the water. This dog had a bone, too.

When he stood still, the dog in the water stood still. When he moved, the other dog moved, too. When he turned his head, the dog in the water turned his head also.

“This will never do,” said the dog. “I am going to take his bone away from him, and have

two bones. I want my bone and that other dog's bone."

So he jumped into the water, but he could not find the other dog and lost his own bone.

An Old Fable.

oo d ood st ood stood

oo d ood g ood good

The oo sound in these words is called short oo.

MY SHADOW

I have a little shadow that goes in and out
with me,

And what can be the use of him is more
than I can see.

He is very, very like me from the heels up
to the head;

And I see him jump before me, when I jump
into my bed.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Say slowly:

The funny fiddlers found a fat foolish friend.

Billy's brother Bobby built a bright bonfire
because it was Billy Bump's birthday.



PUSSY-CAT MEW

(Dramatize)

Pussy-cat Mew jumped over a coal,
And in her best petticoat burnt a great hole.
Poor pussy's weeping, she'll have no more milk
Until her best petticoat's mended with silk.

MAY I?

May I mew like a pussy-cat?

You may.

May I jump over a coal?

You may.

May I wash my face before eating?

You may.

May I roast chestnuts to-night?

You may.

May I fiddle like King Cole's fiddlers?

You may.

May I try to catch Johnny Cake?

You may.

May I bump the old troll?

You may.

until	excuse	funny	shrub	Muffet
jump	Gruff	just	tune	tuffet
use	Lucy	accuse	bump	pumpkin

In which words do you find short u?

OLD MOTHER BLACK

(Read silently)

“Old Mother Black was a very fine cat,
As gentle and sleek as could be;
No mouse ever dared venture out of the wall,
Such an excellent mouser was she.”

*Write down all the words in which you find
long o, long i, long e, and ee.*

IN WINDY WINTRY WEATHER



THE FIRST THANKSGIVING

PART I

Long, long ago there was a Thanksgiving Day. It was the very first Thanksgiving Day there ever was, and it was the Pilgrims' Thanksgiving.

This is the way the Pilgrims came to have a Thanksgiving Day. They had come across the great ocean in a boat called the *Mayflower*. It was not a very large boat, but all the Pilgrims came in it.

They were on the ocean many, many days before they saw land, and they were often cold and hungry. But the Pilgrims were very brave and said, "Never mind, we shall have homes of our own soon, and be happy."

One morning they did see land, and they all called, "Land, land, land! This is our land! Now we shall be happy! Now we shall be free! Land, land, land! Let us all thank God for this beautiful land."

When letters are not sounded we call them silent:

climb	night	tight	cake
home	boat	roast	brave

Draw a line through the silent letters in these words.

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING

PART II

When the Pilgrims came here there were no white people anywhere—just Indians. Think of that—no white people, just Indians, big Indians and little Indians with painted faces.

My! but the Pilgrims were afraid when they saw them and heard them say, “Ugh! Ugh!”

But they soon found out that the Indians would not hurt them if they were kind to the Indians.

All that first winter the Pilgrims were cold and hungry. They had very little to eat, and no warm houses to live in. It was a hard time for them, but they were brave people.

By and by the spring days came, and how glad they were! They cut down trees and built houses. The Indians helped them. They taught them the use of corn and how to plant it. Yes, the Indians liked the white men, and helped them. All day long the Pilgrims sang and worked, and worked and sang.

When the second fall came they had warm houses and plenty of food for the winter. They were all talking about it one day and said, “We shall not be hungry this winter. Our children will



not cry for food. Let us thank God for all our good things.”

So the Pilgrims had a Thanksgiving Day. It was the first Thanksgiving in this land, the first Thanksgiving Day.

oo n oon m oon moon

oo n oon s oon soon

oo d ood f ood food

The oo sound in these words is called long oo.



THE FIRST THANKSGIVING

PART III

It was Thanksgiving morning, and all the Pilgrims were up early. They were up early and dressed in their best, because they were going to church.

Every one of the Pilgrims went to church Thanksgiving morning. Not a boy or girl, father or mother, was left at home.

They went to church and thanked God for all their good things. Then they came home to the first Thanksgiving dinner.

And such a dinner as it was!

They had deer, and turkeys, and rabbits, and plump little birds. The turkeys were big and fat, the fattest you ever saw. It was wild turkey, but, oh, how good it tasted!

The pies—well, there were apple pies, pumpkin pies, almost every kind of pie. Then there were nuts, candy, and cakes—everything good you can think of, and they all tasted fine to the Pilgrim children of long, long ago.

And what do you think? The Indians were at the first Thanksgiving dinner!

When they ate the turkey, the pies, and the cakes they said, “Ugh! Ugh! Good! Good!”

After dinner they danced and sang Indian songs, and made the children laugh and laugh.

That was a happy day for the Pilgrims, and it was a happy day for the Indians.

And ever since then we have had a Thanksgiving Day.

o	r	or	f	or	for
o	rn	orn	c	orn	corn
o	rns	orns	h	orns	horns

THANKSGIVING ON THE FARM

(Read silently)

Oh, the farm was bright, Thanksgiving morn,
With its stacks of hay and its shocks of corn,
Its pumpkins heaped in the rambling shed,
And its apples brown and green and red;
And in the cellar its winter store
In bins that were filled and running o'er
With all the things that a farm could keep
In barrel and bin and goodly heap.
Oh, the farm was a pleasant place that day.

Out back of the house the orchard stood,
Then came the brook and the chestnut wood,
The old sawmill where the children play,
The fodder barn with its piles of hay,
The walnut grove and the cranberry bog,
The woodchuck hole and the barking dog,
The wintergreen and the robber's cave,
Wherein who entered were counted brave,
The skating pond with its fringe of hay.
Oh, the farm was pleasant, Thanksgiving Day!

FRANK H. SWEET.

*Write down all the words in which you find
soft c; in which you find hard c.*

Expression Drill:

Hurrah for Thanksgiving! Hurrah!
Hurrah for the pumpkin pie!
Hurrah for the jolly Jack-o'Lanterns!
The Pilgrims were very brave.
The Indians said, "Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!"
Thanksgiving's the day for me! Hurrah!
Hurrah for Thanksgiving!
Pussy-cat Mew cried, "Meow! Meow!"

A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS

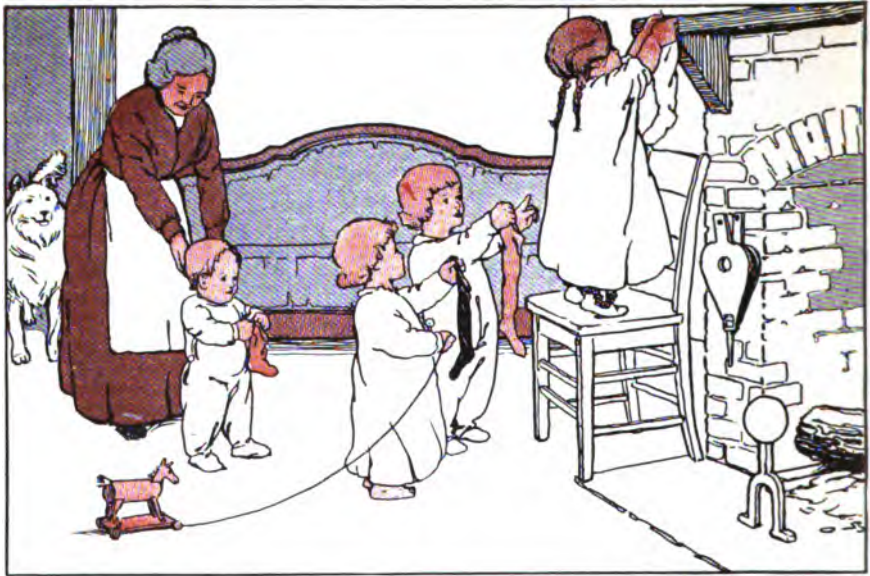
PART I

Secrets, secrets in the air. Wee, sweet secrets everywhere.

It was the night before Christmas.

The ground was all covered with snow, and everybody was as happy as happy could be, because—oh, just because. You see, I mustn't tell. It's a secret, and nobody tells secrets the night before Christmas.

All the stockings—big stockings, little stockings, black stockings, and white stockings—were hung by the chimney.



Such fun as there was hanging up the stockings by the chimney! Everybody wanted the biggest and the longest. And everybody was sure St. Nicholas would come and fill the stockings to the very top with good things.

Such merry, merry talk as there was about candy, nuts, toys, dolls, sleds, and everything, yes, everything you could think of.

Then all was still. Everybody was in bed, because St. Nicholas never comes until everybody is in bed and fast asleep. All the children have to be "snug in their beds" before good St. Nicholas

starts out with his reindeer and sleigh and his bag of toys.

How does he know when the children are all snug in bed?

Oh, St. Nicholas knows; he knows everything about children. Yes, St. Nicholas knows everything about Christmas and children.

He waits until they are all snugly tucked in bed before he gets out his reindeer or puts his bag of toys in his sleigh.

I think he would wait all night and not come at all if the children didn't go to bed, and to sleep, too. So you see what children should do the night before Christmas.

ound	gr	ound	ground
ound	f	ound	found
ound	s	ound	sound

A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS

PART II

Such a noise! Such a clatter! Such a jingling of bells!

"Whoa, whoa, whoa, all! Now, Dancer! Now, Prancer! Whoa, whoa, all!"



And he shouted and shouted and called them
by name.

Such a noise! Such a clatter!

“So, up to the housetop the reindeer they flew,
With a sleigh full of toys—and St. Nicholas too.”

Then down the chimney came the fat little,
funny little, happy little man. His face was as
round as an apple and his nose as red as a rose.

“He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all covered with ashes and soot.”

On his back St. Nicholas carried a great bag full of toys.

Toys for Jack-be-Nimble, toys for Lucy Locket,
toys for all the boys and girls—so many, many toys!

And when he saw all the stockings hanging by the chimney—long stockings, big stockings, black stockings, and white stockings—how his merry eyes twinkled!

“Dear me, how many children can there be in this house?” he said. “H’m, let me think. Yes, yes; it’s all right,” and he filled the stockings to the top—every one—every one.

Then up the chimney went good St. Nicholas.

He jumped into his sleigh and shouted, “Now, Dancer! Now, Prancer! Go, go, go!”

And as he went out of sight I heard him say,

“Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good night.”

Retold from “A Visit from St. Nicholas” by CLEMENT MOORE.

oi	ce	oice	v	oice	voice
oi	se	oise	n	oise	noise

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

PLACE: Schoolroom

SLEIGH: Two chairs

TIME: Night

REINDEER: Eight boys

ST. NICHOLAS

FATHER

BOBBY

LUCY

REINDEER

MOTHER

KITTY

ALL. Christmas is coming! Christmas is coming! To-night is the time to hang up our stockings! To-night, to-night, to-night!

(Hang up paper stockings.)

BOBBY. The big black one is mine, Jack. You can't have it. You must get your own.

LUCY. The long white one is mine. It will hold a doll and a gold ring. I do hope I get a gold ring.

KITTY. I shall hang my stocking right here by the chimney where Santa Claus will see it first. This is my place, Bobby. I chose it first. You can't have it.

MOTHER. There, there, children, you must be off to bed this minute. You know St. Nicholas never comes until you are snug in bed.

BOBBY. We don't have to go to sleep, do we, mother?

MOTHER. Yes, yes; St. Nicholas won't come

until every boy and girl is fast asleep. Now all to bed and to sleep.

(All go to sleep.)

FATHER. Listen, what is that I hear? Jingle, jingle, jingle. It sounds like sleigh bells. Bless me, it is sleigh bells! It is St. Nicholas! It is St. Nicholas and his eight tiny reindeer.

MOTHER. It surely is St. Nicholas, and he is coming down the chimney now.

ST. NICHOLAS. Whoa, Dancer! Whoa, Prancer! Whoa, whoa, all! We must stop here and fill the stockings.

(Jumps out of sleigh and fills stockings.)

ST. NICHOLAS. Dear me, how many children are there in this house? All kinds of stockings to fill! I'll put a ring in this white one—a little girl likes a gold ring. Bobby shall have a sled, a nice red one. And Lucy wants a muff—yes, Lucy must have this beautiful white muff. How they will laugh when they see all these stockings filled to the top! Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good night!

CHILDREN. My stocking is full, as full as it can be! Every stocking is full. Hurrah for St. Nicholas! Hurrah! Hurrah!

THE BEST CHRISTMAS JOY

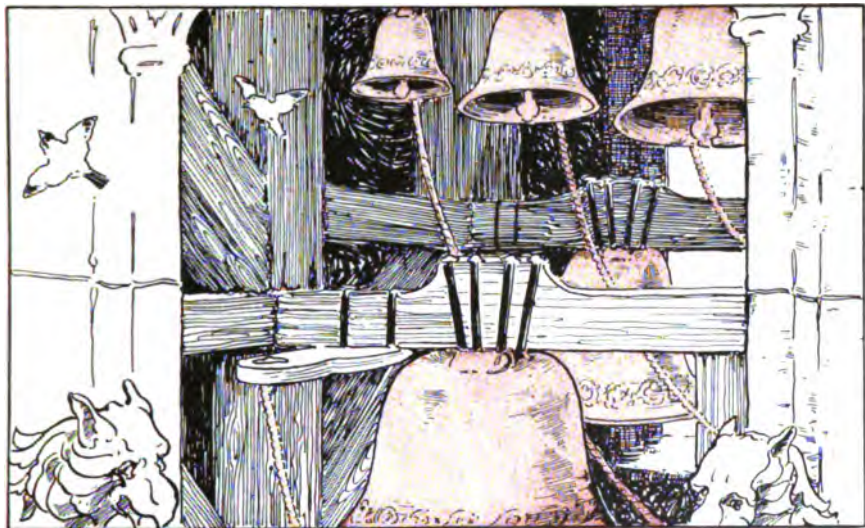
The best of Christmas joy,
Dear little girl or boy,
That comes on that merrymaking day,
Is the happiness of giving
To another child that's living
Where Santa Claus has never found his way.

oy	j	oy	joy
oy	b	oy	boy
oys	t	oys	toys

Expression Drill:

Nobody tells secrets the night before Christmas.
Hear the beautiful, beautiful Christmas chimes!
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night.
Every stocking is full, full, full.
So many, many, many toys.
I love jolly old St. Nicholas. Do you?

sh	ess	cks
shrub	bless	stacks
sharp	dressed	shocks
fresh	guess	sticks
foolish	happiness	woodchucks



THE BELLS

PART I

Once upon a time there was a tall church tower.

High in this church tower hung a chime of bells that made beautiful music whenever they rang. One day a new bell was hung in the tower, and while the men were hanging it they said, "Now the chimes will be all ready for Christmas. Everybody likes to hear the Christmas chimes."

"Christmas? What does Christmas mean?" said the new bell to the other bells.

“Oh, you’ll find that out; we did. You’ll find out what Christmas means,” said the other bells. “You listen and watch, and you’ll find out what Christmas means.”

So the new bell looked down on the town and listened and watched, and watched and listened.

One day far, far down on the busy street the bell saw many people hurrying this way and that. Everybody was in a hurry, and everybody was carrying a big bundle or a little bundle.

“I wish I knew what Christmas means,” said the bell. “I wish I knew.”

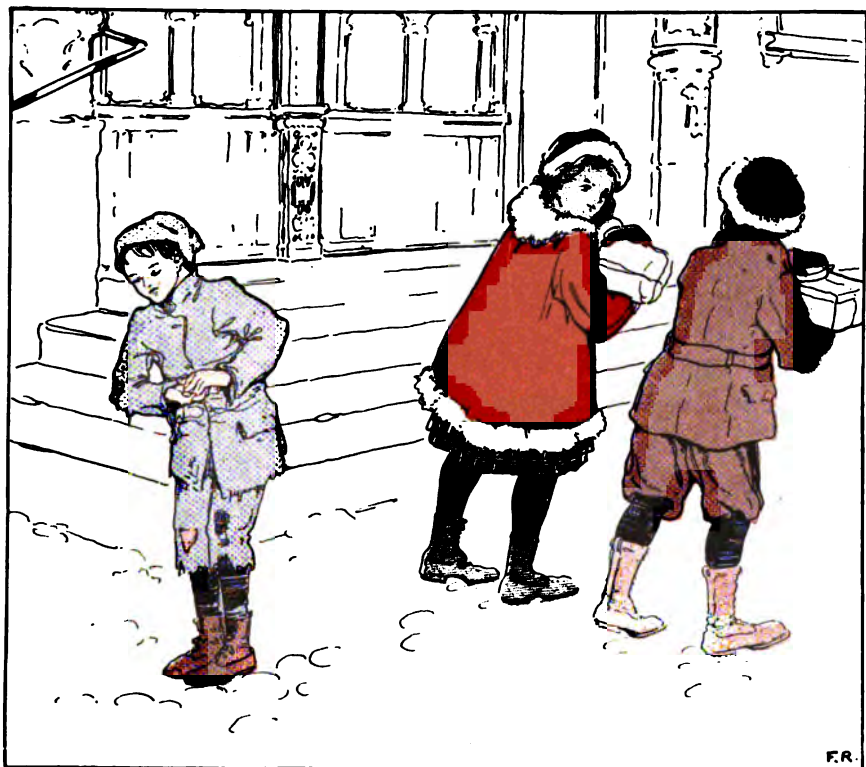
Word Building:

merry making	when ever	Thanks giving
merrymaking	whenever	Thanksgiving

THE BELLS

PART II

“I haven’t found out yet what Christmas means,” said the new bell, “but I’ll keep on watching and listening. There goes a poor little boy down in the street. What is it he has in his hand? What is he saying? Oh, I see now, the



poor little boy has a dime in his hand. He is saying, 'Mother will be so happy when she sees the pretty rose I am going to buy with this dime. Mother will be happy, I know she will!'"

Then two little children came along with bundles in their arms and joy in their faces.

"Oh, Hans, how happy dear grandmother will be when we give her that pretty, warm dress.

You earned all the money to buy grandmother's dress, didn't you, Hans?"

"Yes, I did. How happy she will be when you give her the new stockings you knit for her."

And as they talked they hurried along the busy street, hugging their bundles close to them.

"Listen, Hans, listen! The new bell is ringing."

Clang, clang, clang! It is ringing, ringing, ringing! Clang, clang, clang!

"Now I know what Christmas means! Now I know! It means giv-ing, giv-ing, giv-ing."

"Yes," said the other bells, "but it means more than giving."

"I know, I know," the new bell rang. "It means lov-ing, lov-ing, lov-ing!"

So Christmas morning the chimes up in the church tower rang the sweetest music ever heard.

They rang: "Loving—giving! Loving—giving! Christmas! Christmas! Christmas! Loving—giving! Loving—giving!"

give	glad	clang	snug	ground
large	bridge	green	change	Pilgrim
going	grow	gentle	ago	gently

In which words do you find soft g?

CHRISTMAS SONG

Why do bells for Christmas ring?
Why do happy children sing?

Once a lovely, shining star,
Seen by wise men from afar,
Gently moved until its light
Made a manger's cradle bright.

There a darling baby lay
Pillowed soft upon the hay,
And its mother sang and smiled,
"This is Christ, the Holy Child."

Therefore Christmas bells do ring;
Therefore happy children sing.

LYDIA AVERY COONLEY WARD.

Expression Drill:

And all the bells on earth shall ring,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day,
And all the souls on earth shall sing,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

MARY MAPES DODGE.

ing	hang	ing	hanging
ing	ring	ing	ringing



PICCOLA'S CHRISTMAS.

PART I

Poor, sweet Piccola! Did you hear what happened to Piccola, children dear?

Piccola was a dear little girl who lived far away over the great blue ocean. Her father and mother were very, very poor. They worked hard from morning until night trying to earn food, and fire to keep them warm.

Piccola did not care because they were poor. She played and sang all day long. She was such a happy little girl that it made her father and mother love her more and more.

When Christmas time came and they could buy no gifts for Piccola they were very sad.

But Piccola felt sure St. Nicholas would come and bring her something pretty for Christmas.

"Mother, will St. Nicholas come to-night?" she said.

"I am afraid, Piccola dear, St. Nicholas will not come here. You know we are very poor."

"Yes, I know we are poor, mother, but St. Nicholas does not care. He goes to see all little girls and boys. So I think he will come to-night and bring me something pretty for Christmas."

"But Piccola did not doubt at all,
That something beautiful must befall
Every child upon Christmas Day."

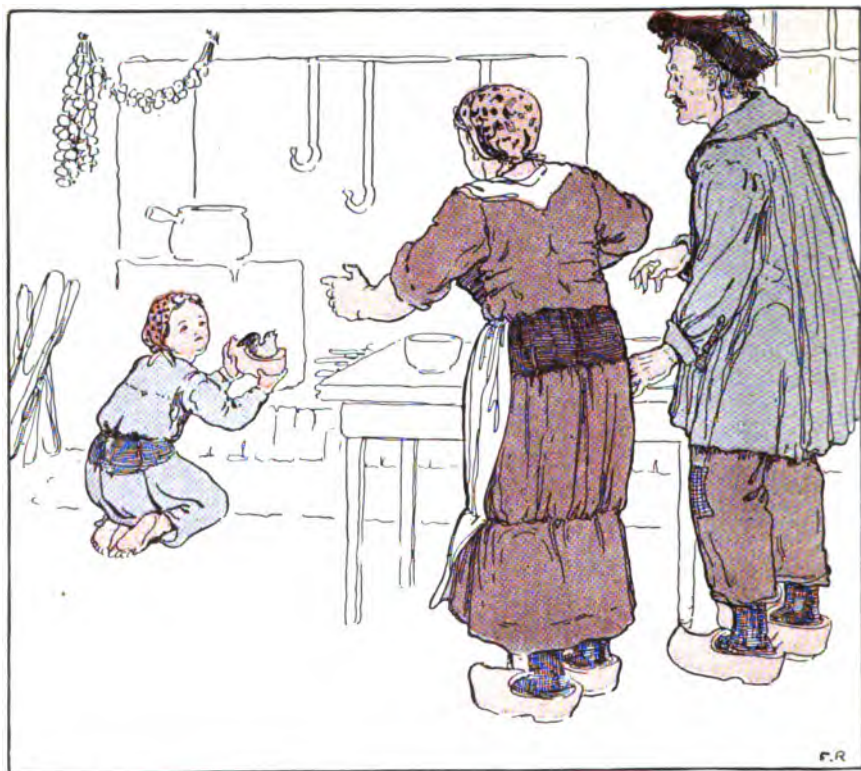
ap	ell	ill
tap	fell	will
snap	bell	still
trip, trap	mellow	hillside

PICCOLA'S CHRISTMAS

PART II

Little girls do not hang up their stockings in the land where Piccola lived. They put their wooden shoes by the chimney for St. Nicholas to fill.

Piccola was so sure St. Nicholas would come she put her shoe by the chimney when she went



to bed. In the morning, very early, she jumped out of bed to see what she had for Christmas.

“Oh, yes! yes! yes!” cried Piccola. “St. Nicholas did come here, mother! He did come here, father! See what is in my shoe!”

“There was a little shivering bird!
A sparrow, that into the window flew,
Had crept into Piccola's wooden shoe!”

How happy she was to have the little sparrow for her Christmas gift! She fed it from her own hand, and warmed it by the fire.

"I knew St. Nicholas would bring me something beautiful for Christmas," said Piccola. "You see, mother, he didn't care because we were poor."

"Children, this story I tell you
Of Piccola sweet and her bird, is true.
In the far-off land of France, they say,
Still do they live to this very day."

Retold from "Piccola" by CELIA THAXTER.

a	nce	ance	d	ance	dance
a	nce	ance	Fr	ance	France

PICCOLA

(Read silently, then play you are Piccola)

Put your wooden shoe by the chimney.

Go to bed.

Wake up and run to your shoe.

Sing and be happy.

Take the shoe to your mother and father.

Warm the poor little bird.

Feed the little bird.

(Tell what you did)

WHAT MAKES CHRISTMAS

Little wishes on white wings,
Little gifts—such tiny things—
Just one little heart that sings,
Make a merry Christmas.

DOROTHY HOWE.

ROSES' SONG

“Softly sinking through the snow,
To our winter rest we go;
Underneath the snow to house
Till the birds be in the boughs,
And the boughs with leaves be fair,
And the sun shine everywhere.
Softly through the snow we settle,
Little Snowdrops press each petal. . . .
Soon we shall be where no light is,
But where sleep is, and where night is,—
Sleep of every wind unshaken
Till our summer bids us waken.”

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

ake	wake	make	take
ime	time	dime	chime

THE GLAD NEW YEAR

Hear the bells ringing,
Ringing of the glad New Year.
Hear the children singing,
Singing of the glad New Year.
Bells ringing. Children singing.
Ringing, ringing. Singing, singing.
The glad New Year is here.

JANUARY

How can a little child be merry
In snowy, blowy January?
By each day doing what is best;
By thinking, working for the rest.
So can a little child be merry
In snowy, blowy January.

ear	est
hear	nest
near	rest
nearer	longest stocking
year	fattest turkey
New Year	best petticoat

ALL THE YEAR ROUND

In spring I fly my purple kite
 Upon the gusty breeze;
Away it goes with switching tail
 Above the maple trees.

In summer to the sea I go,
 With shovel and with pails,
To dig for shells within the sand,
 And watch the flying sails.

When autumn comes I rake the leaves
 To make a bonfire high,
So I can watch the ragged smoke
 Go trailing to the sky.

When winter winds are loud and strong,
 And fields are white with snow,
I get my dog and sled, and play
 That I'm an Eskimo.

WILHELMINA SEEGMILLER.

by	sky	try	why
fly	my	slyly	good-by
flying	cry	buy	Blue Eyes

The y sound in these words is the same as long i.

WHY AND WHERE STORIES OF LONG AGO





THE WATER AND THE PITCHER

“See me,” said the blue china pitcher, “see how pretty I am. And I can hold water. I am so strong not one drop can get away.”

“Oh, ho!” said the water in the pitcher, “I am strong, too. I am stronger than you. Oh, ho!”

“No, you are not,” said the blue pitcher.

“H’m, just wait until to-night, and you’ll find out a thing or two,” said the water, chuckling.

That night the fire went out and Jack Frost came in.

Then all the little water fairies became very busy. They worked very fast and very hard.

The water in the blue china pitcher grew colder and colder. Then it grew harder and harder.

By and by, snap, crack! snap, crack! went the blue china pitcher.

"Oh, ho!" said the water. "Now you see a thing or two, blue china pitcher. Are you stronger than I? If you are, why did you crack? Why? Why?"

ch	ange	change	ch	ick	chick
ch	imes	chimes	ch	ops	chops
ch	urch	church	ch	airs	chairs

Say slowly:

Change the china chimney for chestnuts.

Chuckling children, chickens, chairs, and chimes change.

WHY THE BEAR SLEEPS ALL WINTER

PART I

Once a long, long time ago Brother Rabbit lived in the woods. He was busy as a bee all the time, making good things to eat. His pantry was full of them.

Now Big Bear lived in the same woods, and he

liked to tease Brother Rabbit. He liked to eat Brother Rabbit's good things, too.

Every morning Big Bear went creeping, creeping, creeping so still up to Brother Rabbit's house. Then he would put his big paw into Brother Rabbit's pantry and upset everything, and eat the very best things there were in that pantry.

Now wasn't that mean of Big Bear? And, just think, he did it every day!

At last Brother Rabbit went to Brother Frog to ask him what to do.

"You look so tired and thin, Brother Rabbit. What's the trouble?" asked Brother Frog.

"Oh, Big Bear teases me all the time. He upsets my pantry and eats my good things, too. What shall I do to make him stop? Do tell me, Brother Frog."

"Let's go and ask Brother Mole. He is wise," said the frog.

And away they went to find Brother Mole.

"What's the trouble?" asked the mole. "You look so tired and thin, Brother Rabbit."

"Oh, Big Bear teases me all the time. He upsets my pantry and eats my good things, too.



What shall I do to make him stop? Do tell me, Brother Mole."

"Let's go and ask Brother Fox. He is very wise," said the mole.

And away they went to find Brother Fox.

"What's the trouble?" asked the fox. "You look so tired and thin, Brother Rabbit."

"Oh, Big Bear teases me all the time. He upsets my pantry and eats my good things every day. What shall I do to make him stop? Do tell me, Brother Fox."

“Let’s find Big Bear,” said the fox. “We’ll tell him what’s what. He must stop teasing you and eating your good things.”

So away they went to the woods to find Big Bear.

too	poor	foot	moon
good	stood	soot	wooden
food	wood	soon	woo-woo-woo

In which words do you find long oo?

WHY THE BEAR SLEEPS ALL WINTER

PART II

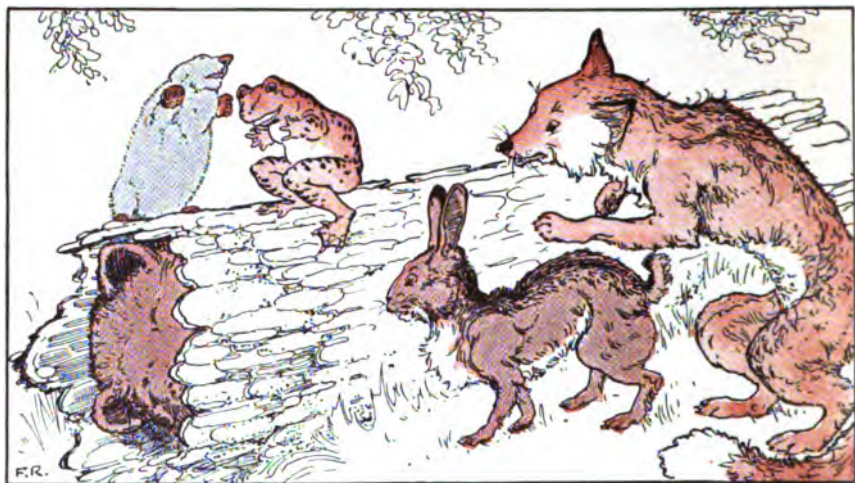
“I don’t see where Big Bear can be,” said the fox. “We have looked and looked and looked for him.”

“I’m sure he is somewhere in the woods. Let’s try once more before we give up.”

Then they looked and looked again, and where do you think they found Big Bear? In a hollow log, fast asleep! So fast asleep that he didn’t hear them.

When Brother Fox saw Big Bear he winked one eye and chuckled and chuckled.

“Keep very still,” he said. “We’ll play a trick



on Big Bear. He'll find out what's what, he will. Bring me some sticks, Brother Mole. Bring me some mud, Brother Frog, and hurry just as fast as you can.

"Brother Rabbit, you stay here and help me. Big Bear won't tease you any more this winter. Big Bear won't upset your pantry or eat your good things this winter, Brother Rabbit."

And Brother Fox winked one eye and chuckled and chuckled again.

Then back came Brother Mole with sticks and Brother Frog with the mud.

"Now we are all ready for work," said the fox. "This will be a fine trick to play on Big Bear.

“Fill the ends of the log with sticks and mud, Brother Rabbit. Make it as hard as you can. Dear me, make it harder, harder. Yes, you can. I know you can.

“There, that will do. Big Bear won’t tease you this winter, Brother Rabbit. Big Bear won’t upset your pantry or eat your good things this winter.”

And Brother Frog, Brother Mole, Brother Rabbit, and Brother Fox all chuckled and chuckled as they went home.

“Big Bear will find out what’s what when he wakes up,” they said. “He’ll find out what’s what.”

nor	nor	th	north
corn	corn	er	corner
morn	morn	ing	morning

WHY THE BEAR SLEEPS ALL WINTER

PART III

Big Bear slept and slept and slept in that hollow log. It was nice and warm in there after Brother Rabbit put the sticks and mud in the ends.



Once Big Bear woke and saw it was dark, so he went to sleep again.

Next time Big Bear woke he heard the wind saying "Woo-woo-woo," and he knew it was cold. So he went to sleep again, and slept a long time.

Big Bear woke and heard the wind saying "Woo-woo-woo," and the snow falling. He knew it was very cold in the woods, so he turned over and went to sleep again. After a long, long, long time Big Bear woke and listened. He

heard the birds singing and the wind blowing softly, "Oo-oo-oo."

"I must have been asleep a long time," he said. Then he turned over and stretched himself. Out went the sticks and mud from one end of the hollow log. He stretched himself again, and out went the sticks and mud from the other end of the log.

"Did you ever?" said Big Bear. "Birds singing and green leaves growing everywhere! It must be spring.

"Well, well, I slept a long time. I slept all the cold winter, and I liked it. I think I'll do it every winter.

"My! but I am thin and hungry! I think I'll go and see what Brother Rabbit has in his pantry."

And back he went to his old tricks.

This is why Big Bear sleeps all winter and teases Brother Rabbit all summer.

This is why.

An Old Southern Tale.

Word Building:

say	fall	blow	grow	creep
saying	falling	blowing	growing	creeping

IF

If a bear should climb a tree,
I am sure he would n't hug *me*,
For I'd take good care
That I would n't be there
To meet that bear,
A huggety, huggety, hee!

WILHELMINA SEEGMILLER.

are	c	are	care
pare	com	pare	compare

Exercise for Enunciation:

Bobby Boy is blowing bubbles,
Blowing big, bright, bouncing bubbles.
Bobby Boy had many troubles.
Mother said, "Come, let's blow bubbles.
Troubles go as bubbles do.
Bubbles vanish, troubles too."
So Bobby Boy is blowing bubbles,
Blowing big, bright, bouncing bubbles.

ow	ob
low	Bobby
blow, North Wind	Bobby Boy
blowing bubbles	Bobby Shaftoe



LITTLE FUZZY

Away in the dark forest there was a little bear, a little brown bear, and his name was Fuzzy.

It was night, and little Fuzzy was all alone. Think of it! A little baby bear all alone in the woods at night!

Fuzzy could not find his mother, and he was so hungry and cold!

“Oh, mother, where are you? Where are you? Why don’t you come home?” he cried. “I’m so cold and hungry! Why don’t you come back?”

But there was no mother to come back to her little one. So he lay down by a tree and cried

until he went to sleep. Poor little Fuzzy! He was only a baby bear.

Where do you think Fuzzy's mother was?

Why didn't she come back to Fuzzy?

If you were a man and had a gun, would you shoot Fuzzy's mother?

Would you?

wh	wh	y	why	wh	ile	while
wh	wh	en	when	wh	ite	white

WHY EVERGREENS KEEP THEIR LEAVES

PART I

The north wind was blowing. It was a cold, cold day. Winter was coming soon.

Almost all of the birds had gone to the sunny South. But one tiny little bird had a broken wing and could not fly. When he saw all the other birds going away he was sad and lonesome.

"What can I do?" he said, as he shivered and shivered in the cold wind. "How can I keep warm all the long, snowy winter?"

"I know. I'll ask a tree to help me. I'll ask a tree to keep its leaves all winter, and let me



live in its warm branches. That's what I'll do."

So the poor little bird hopped along until he came to a birch tree.

"O beautiful birch tree," he said, "I am a poor little bird with a broken wing. Will you keep your leaves all winter and let me live in your warm branches? If you will,

I'll sing and sing and sing,
And forget my broken wing.
I'll sing and sing and sing
In the spring! In the spring!"

"Dear me! Dear me!" said the birch tree. "I can't keep my leaves all winter. My baby buds would not grow if I did. No, no; you

can't live in my branches. I can't take care of a bird with a broken wing. Go away, go away."

So the poor little bird hopped away to the big oak tree.

"O great, strong oak tree," he said, "I am a poor little bird with a broken wing. Will you keep your leaves all winter and let me live in your warm branches? If you will,

I'll sing and sing and sing,
And forget my broken wing.
I'll sing and sing and sing
In the spring! In the spring!"

"Dear me! Dear me!" said the great, strong oak tree. "I can't keep my old leaves all winter. I must get ready to make new leaves. No, no; you can't live in my branches. I can't take care of a bird with a broken wing. Go away, go away."

And the poor little bird hopped away, so sad, so lonesome, so cold.

ees	tr	ees	trees	oak trees
ees	b	ees	bees	bumblebees

The s sound in these words is the same as z.



WHY EVERGREENS KEEP THEIR LEAVES

PART II

By the brookside was a beautiful willow tree.
Its leaves were turning to gold.

“O beautiful willow tree,” said the poor little
bird with the broken wing, “will you keep your
leaves all winter and let me live in your warm
branches? If you will,

I'll sing and sing and sing,
And forget my broken wing.
I'll sing and sing and sing
In the spring! In the spring!”

"Dear me! Dear me!" said the willow tree.
"I can't keep my leaves all winter. I must rest.
I must rest. No, no. You can't live in my
branches. I can't take care of a bird with a
broken wing. Go away, go away."

The sad, cold little bird hopped away.

On a hill near by was a spruce tree. The
spruce tree saw the little bird and said, "What's
the trouble, little bird? Why don't you go south,
where it's warm? Why are you here this cold,
snowy day?"

"O spruce tree, I have broken my wing, and
I can't fly. I have asked the birch, the oak, and
the willow trees to help me, but they won't keep
me warm. I don't know what I shall do all the
cold winter."

"You may live in my branches," said the
spruce tree. "I'll keep you warm, poor little
bird."

"And may I live with you all winter, spruce
tree? If I may,

I'll sing and sing and sing,
And forget my broken wing.
I'll sing and sing and sing
In the spring! In the spring!"

"Yes, yes; you may live in my warm branches all winter. I shall be glad to take care of a little bird with a broken wing."

A big, strong pine tree that stood near by said, "I will keep the wind off the little bird."

"I will give him berries to eat," said a juniper tree.

So the tiny little bird with the broken wing lived in the branches of the spruce tree and ate juniper berries all winter long.

When North Wind and the Frost King came they blew all the leaves off the birch, the oak, and the willow trees.

But they said, "We'll be good to the spruce, the pine, and the juniper trees. They took care of the little bird with the broken wing. Their leaves shall be ever green. Their leaves shall be green all summer and all winter."

And their leaves have been green every winter ever since.

An Old Tale.

y	blow	y	blowy	tin	y	tiny
y	snow	y	snowy	sleep	y	sleepy

The y sound in these words is the same as short i.

TWO FACES

I've heard about the queerest boy,
A boy that has two faces!
One face is round and full of joy,
As out of doors he races.
But when his mother calls him in
He changes to the other;
And that is long, and sour, and thin—
I'm sorry for his mother!

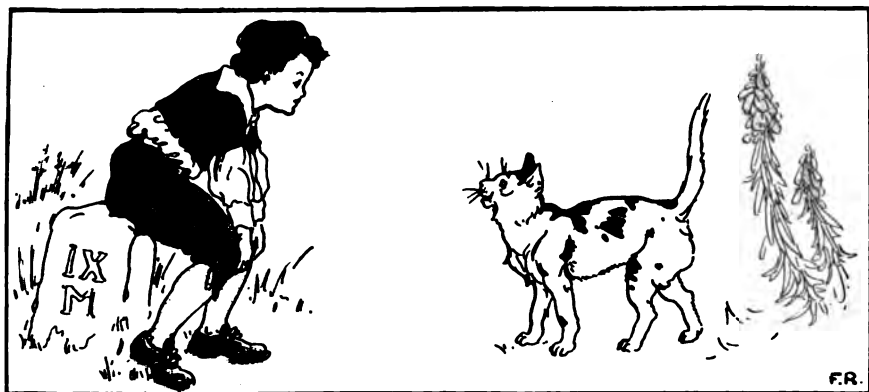
aces	f	aces	faces	uce	spr	uce	spruce
aces	r	aces	races	ince	s	ince	since

THE LITTLE GIRL THAT SMILES

I'd travel many, many miles
To see a little girl that smiles.
But if I found she cried all day,
I'd travel miles the other way.

th	th	at	that	th	em	them
th	th	is	this	th	en	then

The th sound in these words is called hard th.



BILLY BOBTAIL

PART I. PUSSY-CAT

PLACE: The world (schoolroom)

BILLY BOBTAIL PUSSY-CAT

BILLY BOBTAIL. Dear me! Dear me! What shall I do? I'm a poor little boy with nobody to help me. I must go out into the world all alone and seek my fortune. Dear me! Dear me!

CAT. Meow! Meow! Hello, Billy Bobtail! Where are you going all alone?

BILLY BOBTAIL. I'm going out into the world to seek my fortune. I'm a poor little boy with nobody to help me.

CAT. Meow! Meow! May I go with you, Billy Bobtail?

BILLY BOBTAIL. No, no; you can't go with me. Who wants to be followed by a pussy-cat? No, of course you can't go with me.

CAT. Please let me go, Billy Bobtail. I have no home, and I am all alone.

BILLY BOBTAIL. Very well, then, come on, poor pussy-cat. You may go with me.

CLASS. So off went Billy Bobtail and poor pussy-cat to seek their fortunes together.

eek	s	eek	seek	eep	k	eep	keep
eek	ch	eek	cheek	eep	sl	eep	sleep

BILLY BOBTAIL

PART II. THE DOG AND THE COW

PLACE: The world

BILLY BOBTAIL PUSSY-CAT DOG COW

DOG. Bow, wow, wow! Hello, Billy Bobtail! Where are you going?

BILLY BOBTAIL. I am going out into the world to seek my fortune. I am a poor little boy. I have nobody to help me.

DOG. Bow, wow, wow! May I go with you, Billy Bobtail?



BILLY BOBTAIL. No, of course you can't go with me. Who wants to be followed by a pussy-cat and a poor old dog? No, no; you can't go. Be off with you!

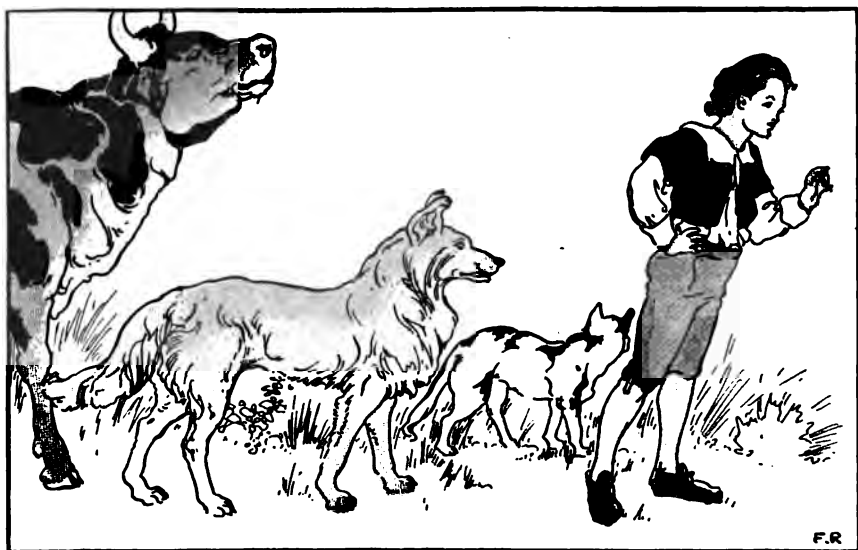
DOG. Please let me go, Billy Bobtail. My master is going to kill me because I am so old. Please let me go.

BILLY BOBTAIL. Oh, he is? Then, come on, poor old dog. I'll take care of you.

CLASS. So off went Billy Bobtail, pussy-cat, and poor old dog to seek their fortunes together.

Cow. Moo, moo! Hello, Billy Bobtail! Where are you going?

BILLY BOBTAIL. I am going out into the world



to seek my fortune. I am a poor little boy. I have nobody to help me.

Cow. Moo, moo! Moo, moo! May I go with you, Billy Bobtail?

BILLY BOBTAIL. No, indeed, you can't go with me. Who wants to be followed by a pussy-cat, an old dog, and a cow? Of course you can't go with me.

Cow. Please let me go with you, Billy. My master has sold my little calf, and I am so lonesome. Please let me go with you.

BILLY BOBTAIL. Well, then, if you're lonesome, come on, cow. You may go with us.

CLASS. So off went Billy Bobtail, pussy-cat, the poor old dog, and the lonesome cow to seek their fortunes together.

OW	c	OW	COW	OW	n	OW	now
OW	b	OW	bow	OW	w	OW	wow

BILLY BOBTAIL

PART III. THE GOAT AND THE PIG

PLACE: The world

BILLY BOBTAIL

COW

PUSSY-CAT

GOAT

DOG

PIG

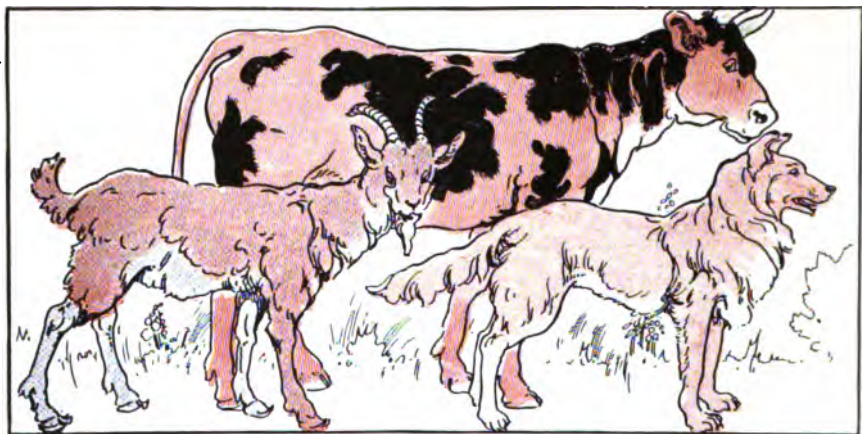
GOAT. Maa, maa! Hello, Billy Bobtail! Where are you going?

BILLY BOBTAIL. I am going out into the world to seek my fortune. I am a poor little boy. I have nobody to help me.

GOAT. Maa, maa! May I go too, Billy Bobtail?

BILLY BOBTAIL. No, no; you can't go with me. Who wants to be followed by a pussy-cat, a poor old dog, a lonesome cow, and a butting goat? Of course you can't go.

GOAT. Please let me go with you. My master makes me draw a little wagon, and whips me



when I won't go fast. Please take me with you, Billy Bobtail. I'll help you all I can.

BILLY BOBTAIL. Well, as I've taken so many, I may as well take you. Come on, butting goat; but be sure you never butt me. Now, hear what I say. Don't you ever butt me.

CLASS. So off went Billy Bobtail, pussy-cat, the poor old dog, the lonesome cow, and the butting goat to seek their fortunes together.

FIG. Wee, wee-ee! Hello, Billy Bobtail, where are you going?

BILLY BOBTAIL. I am going out into the world to seek my fortune. I am a poor little boy. I have nobody to help me.

FIG. May I go with you?



BILLY BOBTAIL. Ha, ha, ha! I should say not. Everybody would laugh to see me seeking my fortune along with a little fat pig. Of course you can't go with me.

FIG. Please let me go, Billy Bobtail. If you don't, the butcher will kill me; he surely will kill me. Please let me go, please do.

BILLY BOBTAIL. Poor little pig, I can't let the butcher kill you. You may come with me.

CLASS. So off went Billy Bobtail, pussy-cat, the poor old dog, the lonesome cow, the butting goat, and the little fat pig to seek their fortunes together.

or	or	or	chard	orchard
or	f or	for	tune	fortune

BILLY BOBTAIL

PART IV. THE DEEP, DARK FOREST

PLACE: The forest (chairs placed in rows)

BILLY BOBTAIL

COW

PUSSY-CAT

GOAT

DOG

PIG

BILLY BOBTAIL. Now, all listen to what I say, all listen. Do you see that deep, dark forest over there?

ALL. Yes, yes, we see it. It looks very dark, Billy Bobtail.

BILLY BOBTAIL. Now, all listen again. We must go through that deep, dark forest. But don't you be afraid, don't you be afraid. If anything tries to hurt us, I can whistle and throw stones. So don't be afraid.

CAT. If anything tries to hurt us, I can meow and scratch.

DOG. If anything tries to hurt us, I can bark and bite.

COW. If anything tries to hurt us, I can moo and hook.

GOAT. If anything tries to hurt us, I can bleat and butt.



FIG. If anything tries to hurt us, I can squeal and bite.

BILLY BOBTAIL. We are all right; I know we are. Now don't you be afraid to go through this deep, dark forest.

CLASS. So into the deep, dark forest went Billy Bobtail, pussy-cat, the poor old dog, the lonesome cow, the butting goat, and the little fat pig.

u rn urn

u rn urn

u rnt urnt

t urn turn

b urn burn

b urnt burnt

BILLY BOBTAIL

PART V. FINDING THEIR FORTUNES

PLACE: The forest; the house (a desk)

BILLY BOBTAIL

PUSSY-CAT

GOAT

DOG

PIG

COW

BEAR

BILLY BOBTAIL. Hark! Hark! What is that noise? Do you hear a deep growl?

ALL. Yes, we hear it. What can it be? Oh, what can it be?

BILLY BOBTAIL. It must be a big, black bear. Dear me! Dear me! Make all the noise you can while I whistle.

PUSSY-CAT. Meow, meow-ow-ow!

DOG. Bow, wow, wow!

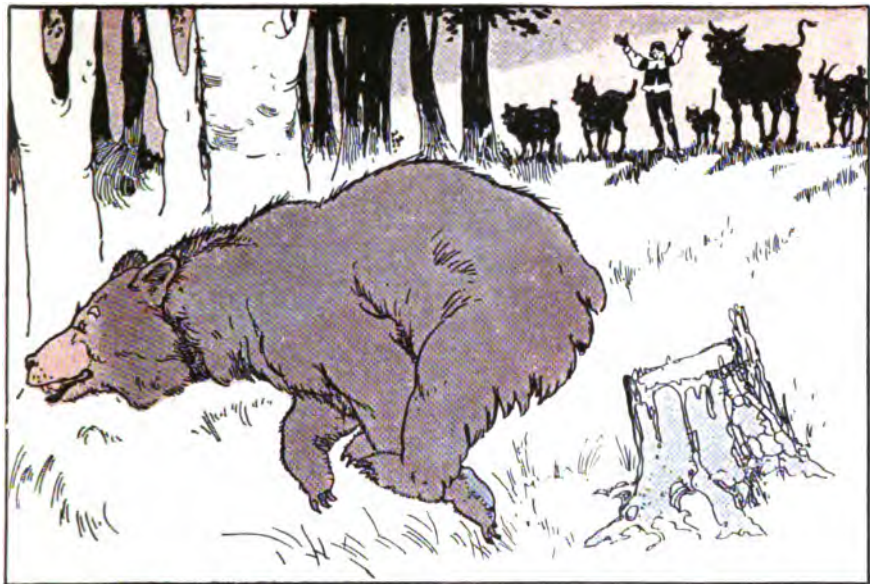
COW. Moo, moo-oo-oo!

GOAT. Maa, maa-aa-aa!

PIG. Wee, wee-ee-ee!

BILLY BOBTAIL. There he goes! See him run! I knew we could frighten that bear away. I am so glad you all came with me. Do you see that little house over there?

ALL. Yes, we see it. We see it.



BILLY BOBTAIL. Let's go and sleep in that house to-night. It will be a good safe place.

ALL. No, no, Billy Bobtail. We are afraid of the big, black bear. He may live in that house. We don't want to go in there.

BILLY BOBTAIL. That's so! I never thought of that. How can we find out if the bear does sleep in that house?

CAT. I'll tell you how we can find out, Billy Bobtail. My paws are so soft I can walk without making any noise, and you know cats can see in the dark. I'll go peep through the window.

ALL. Good! good! That's the very best thing to do.

BILLY BOBTAIL. What do you see, pussy-cat? What do you see?

ALL. What do you see, pussy-cat? What do you see? Is it safe to go in the house and sleep?

CAT. Yes, yes; it's safe. No bear lives in this house.

ALL. Good! Good! We'll all live in this house. We'll live here all the time.

BILLY BOBTAIL. This is our fortune. We have found our fortune.

ALL. Good! Good! Good! We have found our fortune!

CLASS. So Billy Bobtail, pussy-cat, the poor old dog, the lonesome cow, the butting goat, and the little fat pig ever after lived in the little house in the deep, dark woods.

An Old Tale.

ark	far	ance
dark	farm	dance
bark	farmer	France
barking	farming	Dancer
spark	far-off	Prancer

Exercise for Enunciation:

WHISTLE

"Whistle, daughter, whistle;
Whistle, daughter dear."

"I cannot whistle, mammy,
I cannot whistle clear."

"Whistle, daughter, whistle;
Whistle for a pound."

"I cannot whistle, mammy,
I cannot make a sound."

aught	ound	or
caught	pound	for
taught	sound	fortune
naughty	round	nor
daughter	ground	North

WHY?

Why does Big Bear sleep all winter?

Why did Brother Rabbit put sticks and mud
in the ends of the log?

Why didn't Fuzzy's mother come home?

Why did the little bird stay where it was cold?

WHERE?

Where do the birds go at night? Where?
Where did Billy find his fortune? Where?
Where does Santa Claus live? Where?
Where is it warm all the time? Where?
Where is it cold all the time? Where?
Where does a squirrel like to live? Where?

THE SUN IS CLIMBING

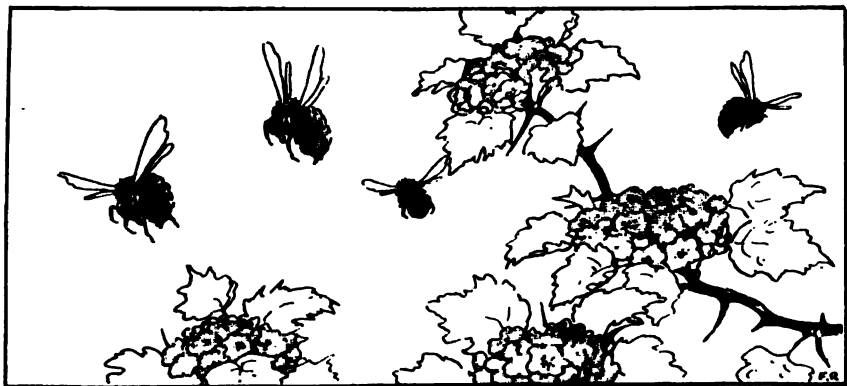
The sun is climbing in the sky,
We're glad to know;
Days will be longer by and by,
And brighter grow.

The sun is climbing in the sky,
The snow will go;
Days will be warmer by and by,
And flowers will grow.

er	ight	y
shiver	night	by
longer	to-night	sky
warmer	bright	by and by
flowers	brighter	good-by

WITH THE SPRINGTIME





SPRING

Coming! Coming! Coming!

Spring is coming! Spring is coming!

Skies are blue as violets.

Bluebirds are swinging, swinging, swinging in
the apple trees.

Robins are calling, calling, calling, "Spring is
coming! Spring is coming!"

Don't you see it coming everywhere?

See the pretty painted blossoms!

See the fur caps on the willows!

See the merry sunshine dancing, dancing, here
and there!

Hark, the bees are humming, humming!

Spring is coming! Spring is coming!

Coming, coming, coming everywhere!

For Memorizing:

Birds on the boughs before the buds
Begin to burst in the spring,
Bending their heads to the April floods,
Too much out of breath to sing.

CELIA THAXTER

ur	urn	urst
fur	burn	burst
purple	turning	bursting

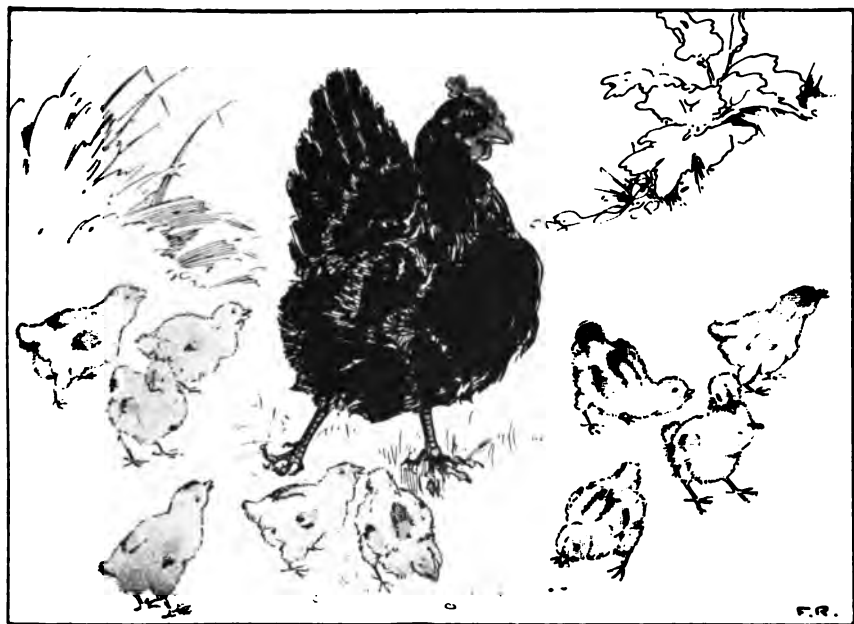
BIDDY BLACK

Once there was a little mother. She was dressed all in feathers, and her name was Biddy Black.

Now Biddy Black had ten soft, fluffy little children. Think of it—ten children to care for and to teach all they should know!

But the little mother was happy as happy could be. She scratched and clucked and scratched and clucked all day long. She found bugs for all her ten children. Not one child went hungry.

Oh, Biddy Black worked so hard! She taught her soft, fluffy children so many, many things



they should know! She taught them to listen, and whenever she gave a sharp cluck, cluck! to run home as fast as their legs could carry them. Because, well, because there might be danger.

You know hungry cats like to eat soft, fluffy chickens, and naughty dogs like to bite them. Then, too, a big, hungry hawk might fly over and see Biddy Black's children. Hawks are always looking for fat, fluffy chickens, and they catch them and carry them away, they do.

My! My! Chickens must listen every minute,

and when they hear a sharp cluck, cluck! they must run home just as fast as they can.

Biddy Black's children always did as they were told, and they never forgot. No, Biddy Black's children never forgot. What fun the soft, fat, fluffy chickens had! They ran and played and ran and played all day. They ate the bugs and seeds that Biddy found. Oh, they played and ate bugs and seeds all day!

At night they went to sleep in a feather bed, the softest, warmest feather bed there ever was or ever could be. "Peep, peep, peep!" said the ten little chickens when they went to sleep. "Peep, peep, peep!" said the ten soft, fluffy chickens when they went to sleep. "Peep, peep, peep!"

ed *sometimes says t:*

scratch	cluck	drop	snap
scratched	clucked	dropped	snapped

Guess Who

They look like fluffy yellow balls,
They run whene'er their mother calls;
Beneath her wings so broad and wide,
When danger's near, they quickly hide.

BIDDY BLACK'S NAUGHTY CHICKEN

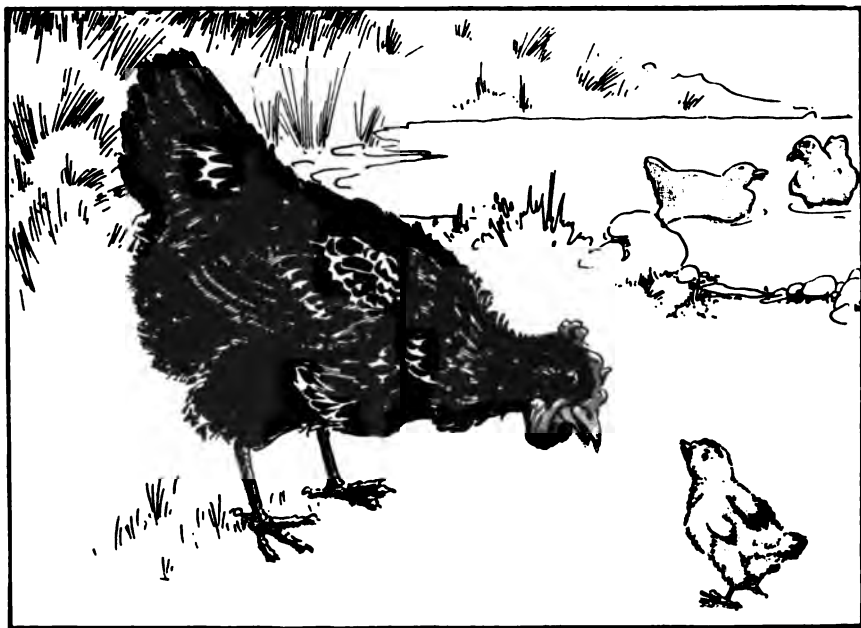
One fine morning Biddy Black took her ten soft, fluffy little children out for a walk.

She wanted them to see the world and to know where they could go and where they couldn't go. She wanted them to know what they could do and what they couldn't do.

So she told them to keep very close to her and to mind every time she clucked. They mustn't even catch a bug if they saw one, or run after a worm. No, no; they must stay close to Biddy Black and mind every time she clucked.

They saw so many new things! They saw birds and pretty flowers. They saw the old gray cat and her two little white kittens. They saw the big black rooster, and how he did crow and crow "Cock-a-doodle-doo-oo-oo!" for them. Then they saw an old mother duck and all of her little ducks swimming in some water. The little ducks were having a good time, catching bugs and flies and swimming round and round.

And then—guess what happened next! Why, one of Biddy Black's children wanted to go swimming with the ducks!



But the wise little mother said, "Now, who ever heard of a little chicken-biddy going swimming? No, no, come along; chickens can't swim. Look at your feet, and you'll see they were not made for swimming."

But the naughty chicken began to peep and peep and cry. He said, "Ducks can swim, and why can't I? I know I can, and I am going to try." So he jumped into the pond where the water was very deep. But he didn't have time

to say "Peep, peep!" before his head went under. No, indeed, children, that naughty little chicken didn't have time to say "Peep, peep!" before his head went under.

"And this is a truth worth knowing,
You will come to grief if you try to go
Where you were never made for going."

swim	ducks	tries	saw	tease
birds	soft	seek	wise	said
please	close	things	rooster	kittens

In which words do you find s like z?

THE CHICKEN'S MISTAKE

PLACE: The world (schoolroom)

WATER: Corner of room

TIME: One morning

BIDDY BLACK

MOTHER DUCK

TEN CHICKENS

LITTLE DUCKS

ROOSTER

CAT AND KITTENS

BIDDY BLACK. Now, children, if you all mind every time I cluck, and are all very good, we'll go out for a walk this fine morning.

CHICKENS. We'll mind every time you cluck. We'll be good, mother.

BIDDY BLACK. All right, come along now, and keep close to me.

CHICKENS. What's that over there, mother?

BIDDY BLACK. Oh, that's the old gray cat and her two baby kittens. Never mind her; she'll not hurt you.

ROOSTER. Cock-a-doodle-doo-oo-oo! . Cock-a-doodle-doo-oo-oo!

CHICKENS. Wait a minute, mother. We want to hear the big rooster crow again. My! He's a big rooster, and I think he has a big crow.

ROOSTER. Cock-a-doodle-doo-oo-oo! Cock-a-doodle-doo-oo-oo!

NAUGHTY CHICK. Oh, see those ducks over there! They are having fun in the water. Let me go and swim with them, mother.

BIDDY BLACK. No, no; you can't go swimming with the ducks. You can't swim.

NAUGHTY CHICK. Why can't I swim, mother? Why can't I swim?

BIDDY BLACK. Look at your feet, and you'll see they were not made for swimming.

NAUGHTY CHICK. Ducks can swim, and why can't I?

BIDDY BLACK. No, no, stay right here; you can't swim.

CHICKENS. No, no; you can't swim.

NAUGHTY CHICK. Yes, I can. I know I can, and I am going to try.

(Jumps into the water.)

BIDDY BLACK. Dear me! Dear me! His head has gone under! Dear me! Dear me!

ALL. You will come to grief if you try to go where you were never made for going.

th th ank thank th ings things

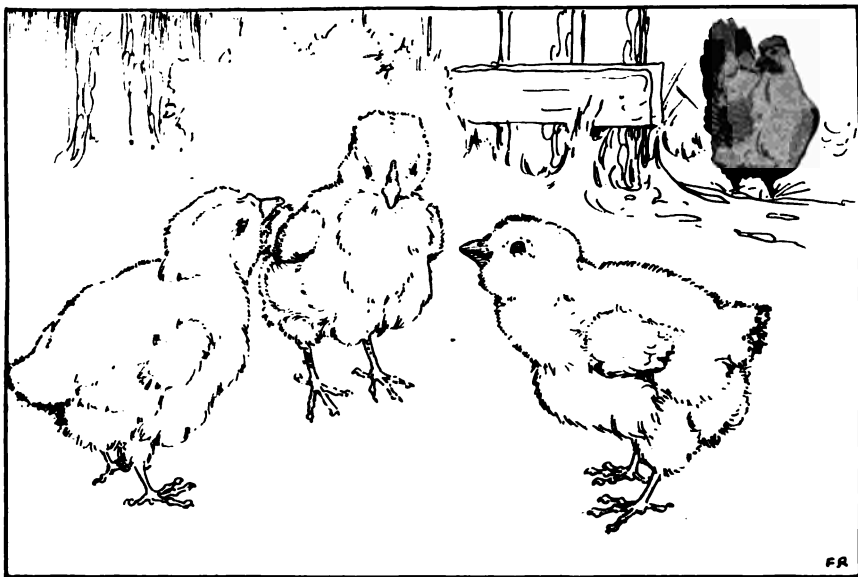
th th in thin th ink think

The th sound in these words is called soft th

THE CHICKENS

Said the first little chicken,
With a queer little squirm,
"I wish I could find
A fat little worm!"

Said the next little chicken,
With an odd little shrug,
"I wish I could find
A fat little bug!"



Said the third little chicken,
 With a small cry of grief,
 "I wish I could find
 A green little leaf!"

"Now see here!" said the mother,
 From the green garden patch,
 "If you want any breakfast,
 Just come here and scratch!"

try	cry	fluffy	gusty	sly
why	hungry	Biddy	Billy	pantry

In which words is the y sound like short i?

STONING THE FROGS

By the side of a brook grew a beautiful willow tree. For years it had stood there, growing larger and larger. Under the tree, in a shady nook, lived a family of frogs,—Father Frog in his green coat, Mother Frog in her yellow vest, and five little froggies all dressed in their best.

From morning until night this happy family of froggies sat on the wet stones under the willow and caught flies, or jumped into the brook and played tag with the fish.

Every time old Father Frog jumped into the water he sang “Ker-chog, ker-chog!” in his big, deep voice. Everybody knew Father Frog’s ker-chog, ker-chog, it was so loud and so deep.

Every time Mother Frog and the five little froggies caught a fly or jumped into the water they sang “Ker-chog, ker-chog, ker-chog!” So almost all the time you could hear that happy family of frogs singing “Ker-chog, ker-chog, ker-chog!”

One day some boys were playing near the brook and happened to see the frogs. They saw Father Frog in his green coat, Mother Frog in



her yellow vest, and the five little froggies all dressed in their best.

“Let’s throw stones at the frogs,” they said. “It will be fun to see them jump into the water. It will be fun to throw stones at the frogs.”

So they threw stones at the frogs and made them all jump into the water. Father Frog didn’t wait to say “Ker-chog!” in his big, deep voice that time. He jumped in, splash, and Mother Frog and the five little froggies jumped in, splash, splash, splash! And away they went to the other side of the brook as fast as they could swim.

Just then a man came along and saw the boys throwing stones at the frogs.

He said, "Don't, boys, don't. Don't throw stones at the frogs. Poor frogs! They have never hurt you. Don't throw stones at the frogs, boys. It may be fun for you, but it isn't fun for the frogs."

So to this day the happy frogs are living in the shady nook, singing "Ker-chog, ker-chog, ker-chog!"

An Old Tale.

large	cage	ker-chog	garden
bridge	shrug	gently	froggies

In which words do you find soft g?

FROGS AT SCHOOL

(Copy ten words, and learn to spell them)

Twenty froggies went to school
Down beside a rushy pool;
Twenty little coats of green,
Twenty vests all white and clean.

"We must be in time," said they,
"First we study, then we play;
That is how we keep the rule,
When we froggies go to school."

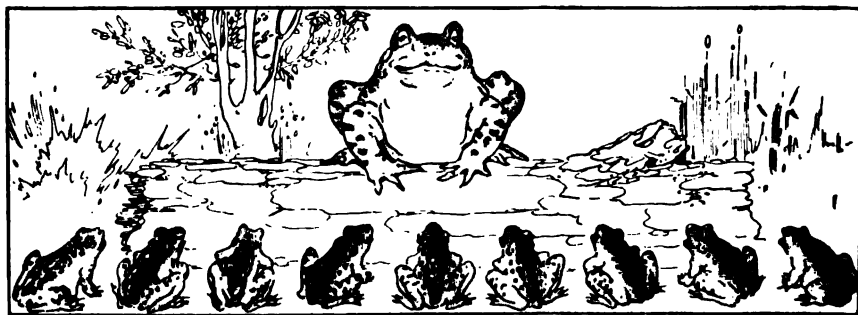
Master Bullfrog, grave and stern,
Called the classes in their turn;
Taught them how to nobly strive,
Likewise how to leap and dive.

From his seat upon a log,
Showed them how to say, "Ker-chog!"
Also how to dodge a blow
From the sticks which bad boys throw.

Twenty froggies grew up fast;
Bullfrogs they became at last.
Not one dunce was in the lot,
Not one lesson they forgot.

Polished in a high degree,
As each froggy ought to be,
Now they sit on other logs,
Teaching other little frogs.

GEORGE COOPER.



DON'T—DID N'T—WAS N'T

Don't cry, little bear, don't cry.

Don't run, little kitty, don't run.

Don't fly, little bird, don't fly.

The hungry cat did n't mew. She did n't.

The naughty chicken did n't mind. She did n't.

Fuzzy's mother did n't come home. She did n't.

Wasn't that a loud cock-a-doodle-doo? It was.

Wasn't that a bouncing big bubble? It was.

Wasn't King Cole a merry old soul? He was.

THE MAN IN THE MOON

The Man in the Moon as he sails the sky,

Is a very remarkable skipper;

But he made a mistake when he tried to take

A drink of milk from the Dipper.

He dipped it into the Milky Way,

And slowly and carefully filled it;

The Big Bear growled, and the Little Bear howled,

And scared him so that he spilled it!

Old Rhyme.

ROBINS

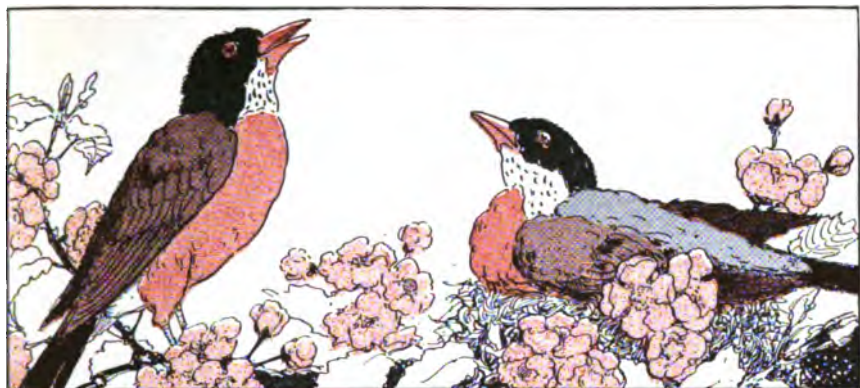
"But you may be sure of one thing:
As sure as that the rain will fall;
It is really, truly springtime
When you hear the robins call."

Look! Look! The robins are here! The robins have come from the sunny South. They were gone all winter. They like to come north when the snow has gone and the warm winds blow.

Robins build their nests of sticks and straws, and line them with mud. Mother Robin lines the nest. She brings the mud in her bill and puts it in the nest. Then she gets in and turns round and round, and smoothes the mud with her soft breast.

After the nest is all ready Mother Robin lays five pretty blue eggs. And she sits on the nest two long weeks to keep the eggs warm. Just think of that!

Father Robin sings to Mother Robin and brings her nice fat worms for her breakfast, when she is sitting on the nest. He knows the eggs must not get cold or there will be no baby robins. Sometimes he keeps the eggs warm and



lets Mother Robin go away to find her own breakfast.

Baby robins are not at all pretty until their feathers grow. They have large yellow mouths, and they keep them open most of the time, too. They are such hungry little birds! They want so many, many worms every day!

It makes Mother Robin work very hard to feed her hungry children. Father Robin helps a little, but he doesn't like to work very much.

Sometimes he sits in an apple tree and sings to other birds. Then Mother Robin gets cross, and her little birds have no worms for their dinner. You see, Mother Robin doesn't like to have Father Robin sing to other birds. She wants him to sing to her.

Father Robin teaches the baby birds to fly.
He likes to do that. It isn't hard work, you see.

Father Robin is larger than Mother Robin,
and his breast is a brighter red. He is a better
singer than Mother Robin, too.

All robins like to sing in the rain. They sit
in the apple trees and sing, "Cheer up, cheer up!
Cheer, cheer! We like the rain! We like the rain!
Cheer up, cheer up! Cheer, cheer, cheer!"

"Rollicking Robin is here again.

What does he care for the April rain?

Care for it? Glad of it. Does n't he know

That the April rain carries off the snow?"

ai	n	ain	r	ain	rain
ai	l	ail	t	ail	tail
ai	ls	ails	p	ails	pails

The sound of ai in these words is like long a.

THEY DIDN'T THINK

Once there was a robin

Lived outside the door,

Who wanted to go inside

And hop upon the floor.



“Oh, no,” said the mother,
“You must stay with me;
Little birds are safest
Sitting in a tree.”

“I don’t care,” said Robin,
And gave his tail a fling,
“I don’t think the old folks
Know quite everything.”

Down he flew, and Kitty seized him,
Before he’d time to blink.

“Oh,” he cried, “I’m sorry.
But I didn’t think.”

PHŒBE CARY.

Say slowly:

Funny folks and flying fairies find feathers
on the floor.

Fling the fat fiddlers' fine fiddles on the
farmer's floor.

The frisky frog and the fiddlers three played
twee, tweedle dee, tweedle dee.

Then Billy Bump and the bumblebee danced
huggety, huggety hee.

WHO IS IT?

He hops about at early dawn;
You see him cross the garden lawn;
Sometimes he flies to limb of tree
And calls aloud quite lustily,
"Cheer up! Cheer up! Chee, chee!
Chee, chee!

Some day ripe cherries here will be!"

(Robin)

ANNA BADLAM.

chee	whip	nests	quee
cheer	whisk	rests	queer
cheek	whistle	vests	queerest



HOW THE ROBIN GOT ITS RED BREAST

Long, long ago there was only one small fire in all the cold Northland.

A man and his little boy took care of this fire. For many, many days and nights they tended it and kept it burning brightly.

They knew everybody would freeze if the fire went out, and the white bear would be alone in the Northland. So they watched and tended the fire day and night. The white bear watched it too. He wanted the fire to go out. He wanted everybody in the Northland to freeze.

The white bear wanted to live in the Northland all alone: He likes to live where it is very, very cold. And he likes to live far, far away from everybody.

One day the man had to go away, and could not tend the fire, so the little boy kept it burning. He worked hard, very hard, and when night came he was so tired he could not keep his eyes open.

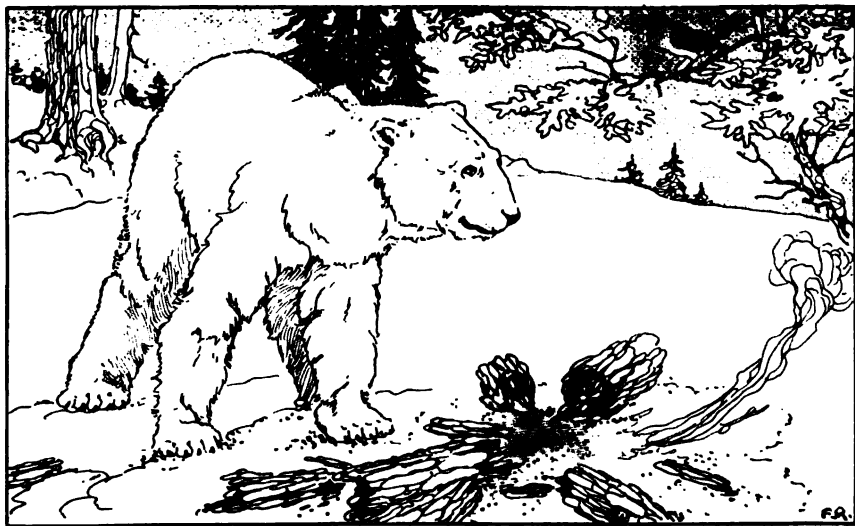
All the time the white bear was watching. He saw the little boy nod and nod. He saw him go fast asleep.

Then he ran and jumped upon the fire with his big wet paws. He rolled over and over on it. Again and again he jumped upon the fire and rolled over and over, until he couldn't see a spark.

"There, I've put the fire out," he said. "Now they'll all freeze. Now I can live in the Northland alone. Now I can have peace. Nobody will catch me or shoot me, now the fire's out."

And the white bear laughed and laughed.

The white bear thought nobody had seen what he did. But a little robin had been watching him. And just as soon as he went away the little robin flew down and tried to find some sparks of fire.



There were only two or three very tiny sparks left, but the little robin saw them with her sharp eyes.

“Ha! ha! ha!” said the robin. “Now Mr. White Bear will see what I can do.”

Then she fanned the sparks with her pretty wings until they grew brighter and brighter. Not one minute did she stop fanning the sparks. It was hard work, and her poor little breast was scorched red. Just think of it, her poor little breast was scorched red!

But she fanned and fanned until the fire burned brightly. Then she flew away to tell how she

had kept the fire from going out and everybody in the Northland from freezing.

And this is how the robin got its red breast.

A Norse Myth.

tended	jumped	scorched
watched	fanned	wanted

In which words has d the sound of t?

HOW THE ROBIN GOT ITS RED BREAST

PLACE: The Northland

TIME: Winter

MAN

WHITE BEAR

BOY

ROBIN

MAN. We must be sure to keep the fire burning, my boy.

BOY. Yes, I know it must not go out.

MAN. If the fire goes out everybody in the Northland will freeze.

BOY. We'll keep it burning. It shall not go out.

MAN. It will be hard for you to tend the fire alone, my boy, but I must go away to-day. I will come back soon.

BOY. I can do it, father. I'll keep it burning.



WHITE BEAR. I'll watch every minute now. The boy will get tired and go to sleep.

BOY. Oh, I'm so tired and sleepy! What shall I do? I must keep the fire burning. Oh, I can't keep awake. (*Goes to sleep.*)

WHITE BEAR. Ha! ha! Now I'll put the fire out. (*Jumps and rolls upon it.*)

There, the fire is out. Now they will all freeze, and I can live in the Northland alone. Now I can have peace. (*Goes away.*)

ROBIN. I'll find a spark somewhere. I'm sure there must be one or two. Yes, here is a spark.

I'll fan it with my wings until it grows bright.
(*Fans the spark.*) Mr. White Bear will see what a robin can do. Oh! oh! These sparks are scorching my breast, but I must keep the fire from going out. Oh! oh! My breast is scorched red!

Boy. See! See what the robin has done! The robin has kept the fire from going out! Poor little robin, you have scorched your breast and made it red. Poor little robin!

ALL. This is how the robin got its red breast.

Word Building:

North land	no body	some where
Northland	nobody	somewhere

THE SWING

How do you like to go up in a swing,
Up in the air so blue?
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing
Ever a child can do!

Up in the air and over the wall,
Till I can see so wide,
Rivers and trees and cattle and all
Over the countryside—



Till I look down on the garden green,
Down on the roof so brown—
Up in the air I go flying again,
Up in the air and down!

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

ever	rivers	down	swing
over	farmers	town	thing
spider	brothers	brown	flying



THE CROW AND THE PITCHER

One spring day a jolly old black crow sat in a tree, winking and blinking and thinking. This is what he thought:

“I am very thirsty. I must have a drink. What shall I do? All the water I can see is in the bottom of that tall china pitcher. How can I get a drink of that water?”

Then a bright thought popped into his wise old head, and he dropped a stone into the pitcher.

“Where there’s a will there’s a way,” he said, and click, click, click! went the stones as they dropped into the pitcher.

Nearer and nearer the top came the water. "Yes, where there's a will there's a way," said the wise, old crow, as he dipped his bill in the cold water.

A Fable.

thin	there	ought
think	these	thought
truth	smoothes	brought

THE JOLLY OLD CROW

Caw! Caw! Caw!

I'm a jolly old crow,

I'd have you know

I've sung ever since I was born,

And as for farming, I can beat

The smartest at hoeing corn;

You don't think much of my singing?

That's as much as some people know.

What song is there, in all the world,

So sweet as the song of a crow?

Caw! Caw! Caw!

Enunciation Drill:

Caw, caw, for corn, chuckling old crow.

Sing, winking, blinking, thinking crow.



THE BIRDS OF KILLINGWORTH

PART I. KILLING THE BIRDS

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow told this story in one of his poems many years ago.

It was at the time of the year when the birds were calling and singing their sweetest, when the flowers and buds were just peeping out, that the farmers in a little village asked, "What shall we do about the birds? The crows are pulling up our corn; the blackbirds are eating our grain; and the robins are waiting for the cherries to get ripe.

"The village is full of birds, and they are not afraid of guns or scarecrows. So many, many birds! What shall we do?"

For a long time they thought about it. Then they said, "We will kill the birds. If we kill them we shall have more corn. We shall have more grain. We shall have more cherries. We shall have more of everything. Yes, we will kill the birds."

And they killed them, every one! They killed them, every one!

"Linnet and meadow lark, and all the throng
That dwell in nests, and have the gift of song.
You slay them all! and wherefore? For the gain
Of a scant handful more or less of wheat."

ain	ay	ail	ay
gain	way	sail	slay
grain	away	trailing	always

THE BIRDS OF KILLINGWORTH

PART II. IN THE SUMMER TIME

By and by the summer came, and it was a sad, sad time for the farmers.

Instead of green grass and flowers, instead of birds and songs, were bugs, worms, and caterpillars—great armies of them all around.



Black caterpillars, gray caterpillars, and yellow caterpillars crawling and eating all the time! Caterpillars making nests in the apple trees! Hungry caterpillars eating all the pretty green leaves!

Large bugs, small bugs, and baby bugs upon the grain!

Green worms, brown worms, long worms, and fat worms eating the corn!

Bugs here! Worms there! Bugs, worms, and caterpillars everywhere!

Armies of them, crawling, crawling, crawling.

There were so many bugs and worms that they crawled upon the little girls' dresses. They dropped upon the little boys' hats. And they crawled upon the fathers and mothers as they went to church.

There were no singing birds to stop the onward march of that hungry army. So they ate and crawled, crawled and ate, crawled and crawled, all the long, warm summer time.

And when the fall came there were no leaves to turn red. There was no corn for the farmers to cut. There were no apples for the little girls and boys to eat.

Oh, it was a sad, sad time in the little village. A sad, sad time it was.

"Hosts of devouring insects crawled, and found
No foe to check their march, till they had made
The land a desert without leaf or shade."

last	class	dance
fast	classes	dancing
faster	grass	France
aster	grassy	Dancer
master	grasshopper	Prancer



THE BIRDS OF KILLINGWORTH

PART III. HOW THE BIRDS CAME BACK

The next spring something very strange happened in the little village.

Along the street came a wagon full of evergreens, and upon the evergreens hung pretty gold cages. In the cages were birds of every kind—large birds, small birds, pretty birds, and singing birds.

What a noise they made! The robins sang,

“Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer! Cheer! We’re coming! We’re coming!”

The bluebirds sang, “Springtime! Springtime! Spring! Spring!”

The crows cried in a loud voice, “Caw! Caw! Caw! Where’s your corn? Caw! Caw! Caw!”

And the noisy blackbirds screamed, “Not afraid of scarecrows! Not afraid of scarecrows!”

When the farmers heard the birds they said, “Let them all out. We want them, every one. We want robins, bluebirds, crows, and blackbirds. We want them, every one.”

That was a happy day for the birds, and it was a happy day for the farmers. It was a happy day for everybody in the little village.

Now they would have leaves and flowers. Now they would have corn and grain. Now they would have apples and cherries. Now they would have plenty of everything, plenty of everything.

“And a new heaven bent over a new earth
Amid the sunny farms of Killingworth.”

joys	noise	how	loud	crow
toys	voice	now	aloud	know

BED IN SUMMER

In winter I get up at night
And dress by yellow candle light.
In summer, quite the other way,
I have to go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed and see
The birds still hopping on the tree,
Or hear the grown-up people's feet
Still going past me in the street.

And does it not seem hard to you,
When all the sky is clear and blue,
And I should like so much to play,
To have to go to bed by day?

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

THE WORD LIST

This list includes all the words used in the Second Reader—not used in the First Reader of this series—entered by pages in the order in which they first appear. The words in *italic type* are those which the pupil should be able—by means of the phonic facts he has already learned—to make out when they first appear.

7
autumn
9
dance
whirl
about
10
till
shout
whisks
squirrel
working
coming
soon
ripe
why
woo-woo-woo
put
hole
tall
carry
11
cheek
crack
teeth
cracking
short
sound
these
words
called
12
silently
read
copy
chirp
tune
rut-a-tuts
hide
pile
hoard
goodly

store
gone
may
more
laughter
leaping
while
13
upon
gray
cunning
monkey
same
friends
fire
watching
chestnuts
roast
pop
those
smell
said
14
paws
burn
beautiful
foolish
pulled
cried
poor
15
Kitty-cat
best
far
rest
hug
tight
came
which
trip
dark

16
wash
eating
caught
mouse
before
people
well
thought
began
17
his
looking
wise
afterwards
watch
Frisky
schoolroom
trap
string
tired
cannot
mind
18
Mr.
White's
heard
goes
faster
climb
19
hurt
much
cage
pel
foot
you'll
wheel
20
loved
21
bonfire

falling
whirling
dancing
everywhere
full
bright
22
rake
great
sparks
smoke
bonfire's
23
vale
trail
pleasant
summer
blazes
towers
seasons
something
24
ant
grasshopper
green
played
sang
laughed
25
worked
shivered
26
Golden
Hair
ago
change
or
everything
everybody
should
only
cross

27
wanted
ask
hand
started
under
brook
listened
watched
asked

28
wings
climbed
standing
looked
kept
close
together
gently
keep
led
seen
ever
grown
hillside
growing
goldenrod
asters
next

29
since
lands
lit
purple
nod
bend
wave
flit

30
frosting
earth
shrub
candy
covered
birthday
moon
because

31
Frisky's
shouted
piled
kind
silent

32
doth
thing
he'll
sit
barn
himself

33
shiver
walked
paper
cent
mister
buy

35
stories

37
Billy
goats
gruff
named
brothers

38
grass
steep
fresh

39
bridge
troll
sometimes
stepped
deep

40
until
along
off

42
bump
horns
water

43
Miss
Muffet
tuffet
curds
whey
spider
school
reads
act
story
beside
frightened

44
bad
alas
have n't
any
money
hope
accuse
excuse
simple
royal
pot
world

45
Johnny
large
oven
queerest

46
rolled
jumped
running

47
black
life

49
snapped
near
fence
sleepy

50
corner
nearer

51
lie
sleep
sharp
licking
chops
slyly
slowly
cherries

52
King
Cole
soul
pipe
fiddlers
fiddle
twee
tweedle
dee
there's
none

rare
compare
53
shadow
bone
another
slood
moved
also

54
dog's
own
heels
built
Billy's
Bump's

55
Pussy-cat
mew
dramatize
coal
pelliccoat
burnt
pussy's
weeping
pelliccoat's
mended
silk

56
Cole's
gentle
sleek
dared
venture
excellent
mouser
write

57
windy
wintry

59
Pilgrims
across
ocean
boat
Mayflower
often
brave
free
sounded
call
line
draw
through

60
anywhere
Indians
painted
ugh
winter
cut
taught
helped
liked
planted
plant
second
plenty
food
talking
62
early
dressed
church
left
thanked
63
deer
plump
fattest
wild
tasted
almost
danced
64
farm
morn
stacks
hay
shocks
heaped
rambling
shed
brown
cellar
bins
filled
o'er
barrel
back
heap
orchard
sawmill
jodder
walnut
grove
cranberry
bog

woodchuck
barking
wintergreen
robber's
cave
wherein
entered
counted
skating
pond
fringe
65
jolly
Thanksgiving's
visit
St. Nicholas
air
ground
must n't
nobody
stockings
hung
chimney
66
hanging
biggest
longest
talk
snug
67
starts
reindeer
sleigh
bag
snugly
tucked
noise
clatter
jingling
whoa
Dancer
Prancer
68
name
housetop
flew
69
fur
clothes
ashes
soot
carried
twinkled

H'm
filled
sight
70
eight
hang
hold
gold
chose
71
bless
tiny
surely
fill
muff
72
joy
merrymaking
happiness
giving
living
chimes
73
music
whenever
men
mean
74
street
town
hurrying
hurry
carrying
bundle
yet
listening
saying
75
dime
dress
arms
Hans
76
earned
knit
talked
hurried
hugging
ringing
clang
sweetest
heard
loving

77
lovely
shining
star
afar
light
manger's
cradle
darling
lay
pillowed
smiled
Christ
Holy
Child
therefore
souls
78
trying
earn
sad
Piccola's
Piccola
happened
gifts
felt
79
doubt
befall
wooden
shoes
80
shivering
sparrow
window
crept
81
fed
warmed
true
far-off
France
82
wishes
softly
sinking
underneath
boughs
fair
settle
snowdrops
press
each

petal
unshaken
bids
waken
 83
 January
 snowy
 blowy
thinking
 84
 gusty
 breeze
 switching
 above
maple
sea
 shovel
pails
dig
 shells
 within
sand
sails
ragged
trailing
 sky
 loud
 strong
 fields
Eskimo
 87
 pitcher
 china
 stronger
 chuckling
 fairies
became
 88
 grew
 colder
 harder
 making
 pantry
 89
tease
Rabbit's
creeping
upset
 was n't
Frog
 thin
 trouble
 Mole

91
leasing
somewhere
 hollow
log
 winked
chuckled
trick
 92
mud
stay
help
 work
 93
ends
slept
 94
woke
 95
blowing
oo-oo-oo
 stretched
 96
I'd
meet
 huggety
hee
bubbles
bouncing
vanish
 97
 Fuzzy
forest
 alone
 98
 Fuzzy's
 gun
 shoot
evergreens
 south
 broken
 lonesome
 99
branches
 hopped
 birch
 forget
buds
 100
 oak
 101
brookside
 willow
 turning

102
 spruce
 103
pine
berries
 juniper
look
 104
I've
 races
 sour
 sorry
 smiles
travel
 105
Bobtail
 seek
fortune
 106
 followed
 course
 class
 cow
 Bow
 wow
 107
 master
 kill
 moo
 108
 indeed
 sold
 109
 pig
 maa
 bullying
 wagon
 whips
 110
 taken
 bull
 wee
 wee-ee
 111
 seeking
 butcher
 112
 placed
 rows
 anything
 tries
 whistle

stones
 scratch
 bark
 hook
 bleat
 113
 squeal
 114
 finding
 desk
 hark
 growl
 meow-ow-ow
 moo-oo-oo
 maa-aa-aa
 frighten
 115
 safe
 without
 peep
 116
 farming
 farmer
 117
 daughter
 mammy
 clear
 pound
 118
 climbing
 we're
 brighter
 warmer
 119
 springtime
 121
 skies
 swinging
 calling
 caps
 humming
 122
 begin
 burst
 bending
 April
 floods
 breath
 Biddy
 feathers
 ten
 fluffy
 teach

scratched
clucked

123
cluck
legs
might
danger
hawk
always

124
forgot
softest
warmest
quickly
danger's
whene'er
beneath
broad
wide

125
even
worm
rooster
crow
cock-a-doodle-doo-oo-oo
duck
swimming
having
catching
flies
Black's

126
chicken-biddy
feel
swim

127
truth
worth
knowing
grief
chicken's
mistake
room

129
queer
squirm
odd
shrug

130
third
leaf
palch
breakfast

131
stoning
larger
shady
nook
family
five
froggies
Frog's
playing
wet
vest
ker-chog

132
threw
splash
throwing

133
learn
spell
twenty
rushy
clean
study
rule

134
Bullfrog
grave
stern
nobly
strive
likewise
leap
dive
seat
showed
dodge
dunce
lol
polished
degree
ought
froggy
teaching

135
remarkable
skipper
tried
dipper
dipped
milky

carefully
growled
howled
scared
spilled
136
really
truly
straws
bill
smoothes
breast
eggs
weeks

137
open
most
does n't

138
leaches
singer
cheer
rollicking
carries
outside
inside
hop
floor
door

139
safest
fling
folks
quile
seized
he'd
blink

140
fiddlers'
farmer's
dawn
lawn
limb
aloud
lustily
chee

141
got
small
Northland
tended
burning

brightly
freeze
142
tend
peace
fire's

143
fanned
fanning
scorched

144
freezing

146
fan
scorching
done
swing
pleasantest
rivers
cattle
countryside

147
roof

148
winking
blinking
thirsty
popped
dropped
click

149
caw
sung
born
farming
beat
smartest
hoeing

150
Killingworth
killing
Henry
Wadsworth
Longfellow
poems
peeping
village
pulling
blackbirds
grain
waiting

151

*killed
linnet
meadow
lark
throng
dwell
slay
wherefore
gain
scant
handful*

*less
wheat
instead
caterpillars
armies
around*

152

crawling

153

*crawled
onward*

*army
hosts
devouring
insects
foe
check
march
desert
shade*

154

*strange
cages*

155

*noisy
screamed
heaven
bent
amid
where 's*

156

*hopping
grown-up
people's
past
seem*



SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS

Every second-grade reading lesson should be a drill in perception, concentration, imagination. It should give pleasure, cultivate mental and physical activity, and lead to thought getting and thought expression. Growth comes day by day, little by little, and unconsciously. It is an unfolding, an arousing and directing of dormant faculties rather than a "pouring-in process." The games, sense training, dramatization, word drills, phonics, and expression exercises begun in the first grade should be continued and enlarged in the second. They arouse interest, hold attention, increase power, and give joy.

From the first to the last day of school, reading should abound in interest and pleasure. When reading lessons are devoid of enthusiasm and inspiration, flowers and birds become simply inanimate objects when they should be sentient things—living, joy-bestowing realities. If children are reading of mountains, they should be able to see the grandeur and sublimity of their lofty heights, resplendent with light and shade. Pictured animals should become living, playful, and intelligent—so real, in fact, that they can almost be seen, heard, and felt. These results are easily attainable when the teacher has created the right atmosphere for the selection and aroused the right feeling.

In teaching reading the secret of success lies in the ability of the teacher to communicate inspiration and to arouse enthusiasm and appreciation in her pupils.

GENERAL PLAN FOR A READING LESSON

1. Introduction to consist of breathing exercises, vocal drills, imagination work, educational games, or expression exercises. (It is best to use two or more kinds of work in one introduction, because variety rests, invigorates, and holds attention.)

2. Teach new words and review difficult old words. (Whenever possible, make out the new words through the application of the pupil's knowledge of phonics.)

3. Create the right atmosphere for the story.

4. Read the story, and question for expression.

5. Dramatize the story whenever the selection contains the dramatic element.

PLAN APPLIED TO "THE BONFIRE" LESSON (Page 21)

1. Tell the children they are to imagine it is fall and to play they are the wind. Talk about what the fall wind does, from what direction it usually comes, what it says, how it feels. Then let them pretend to blow away the milkweed and thistle seeds. In imagination, have them hold a bunch of red leaves in the right hand, then blow the leaves away with short, explosive puffs. Have them blow very hard, and make the nuts and apples fall, and so on.

2. Teach new words and review difficult old words. Have the old words written in one column and the new in another. Drill upon the old words by calling them red leaves, and tell the children to catch (pronounce) them as they fall. Then underline the familiar phonograms in the first new word, as bonfire, and have the word sounded, pronounced, and used in a sentence. Proceed in a similar way with the other new words. Lead the pupil to pronounce new words through the application of his knowledge of phonics whenever possible. In other instances make suggestions for the class, as "What other name do we sometimes call fall?" "Autumn."

3. Create the right atmosphere for the story. Take the class on an imaginary ride into the country, and show them the autumn leaves, etc. Describe the vehicle in which they are to go and have them (in imagination) make the necessary preparations and take the ride. Let them tell what they see along the road,—stop in the woods and gather nuts, chase the squirrels, pile up leaves, and play games. This can all be made very real and interesting through imagination, description, and action work. Fill the pupils with the autumn thought; then they are ready to read.

4. Read the story, and question for expression. Tell the children to open their books at "The Bonfire" (p. 21). Let a boy read, in a natural tone, "A bonfire! A bonfire!" Let it be read by two or three pupils, and have each reader try to express pleasure and anticipation. Ask what kind of a bonfire they want, and if possible lead them to use in reply the words of the story, "A big, big bonfire." Then have the sentence reread, being sure that the readers call out to the boys and girls in a natural way and tell the kind of bonfire. Have the first

and second sentences read, and then proceed in a similar way until the entire story is given with good expression.

5. Dramatize the story. Call one part of the room the garden, and let several children have bunches of paper leaves to throw, when the wind blows. Then let all pretend to rake and pile up the leaves, using simple expressions from the story as they work, such as, "Rake them up, boys." After the pile is large enough, have the children imagine that the bonfire is lighted, and let them dance around it, saying, "See the red sparks fly! See the smoke! Is n't this great fun?" (When reading the lesson many sentences should be memorized that can be used in the dramatizing.) If there is not time to dramatize a story during the reading period it can be done later as a game or rest exercise.

EXPRESSION WORK

Expression in reading should always typify the feeling aroused by the appreciation of the selection. Expression can be manifested through tone, inflection, pitch, or quality of the voice; through facial change or physical action. Many times children appreciate the thought in a story and can express it vividly through physical action, but not through the voice. The voice must be trained to respond to the feelings of fear, command, determination, surprise, joy, sorrow, regret, pride, and affection, and this may be successfully done by devoting a little time to special drills and exercises. Children of all classes, natures, and nationalities, with few exceptions, can be taught to read with correct expression when the work is done in an inspirational, logical way.

The simplest kinds of expressions used in primary grades are word painting, lengthening the vowel, and force placed upon a word or phrase.

1. Word painting: So speaking a word as to give an idea of the meaning, as—whirl, dance, leaves (p. 9).

2. Lengthening the vowel: Simply prolonging the sound of the vowel, as—*far*, *poor*, *so cold*, *away*.

3. Force: Using what is commonly called emphasis, as—"Stop, stop, Johnny Cake" (p. 46).

4. Word painting and lengthening the vowel: "*As gentle and sleek as could be*" (p. 56).

Expression drills or exercises may consist of words, phrases, sentences, stories, poems, or short quotations. A little thought preparation is necessary for each exercise, because children cannot read correctly, "*Run, kitty! Run!*" without feeling the need for running; neither can they properly read, "*Poor little Frisky! Poor little squirrel!*" (p. 20) unless they feel sympathetic. (See expression drills, pp. 14, 15, 20, 23, 33, 44, 65, 72, and 77.)

DRAMATIZING

Dramatizing is play, and play is the first great business in the life of a child. It brings out initiative, inventiveness, and social and expressive powers, and quickens judgment; it develops imagination, perception, feeling, observation, and reasoning, and strengthens memory. Prof. S. H. Clark says: "When unhealthful bodies, mischievous tendencies, dulled mental powers, and diverse and sundry kinds of wrongdoing are present in the schoolroom, it is safe to say that monotony or repression of expression is a common state of affairs."

Most children in primary grades dramatize readily and naturally if a spirit of freedom pervades the school work. Having dramatized a story, children are ready to read it with expression; having read a story with feeling and appreciation, they are ready to give their interpretation of the meaning in action and language.

Never try to work out a finished production or formal dramatization as a part of primary reading. The various parts should be assigned at the moment of acting, and all children should take part from day to day. The teacher should plan and direct the work until the children have gained considerable power; then occasionally they may work independently. In most cases no preparation is necessary. Costuming, if used at all, should be very simple, such as putting on a hat or coat or using a pointer for a gun. Too much preparation takes away the naturalness and makes the children self-conscious. The simpler the work the better, and simplicity always makes a larger amount of dramatizing possible.

SUGGESTED DRAMATIZATIONS

"The Paper Boy," p. 33:

Talk about boys you have seen on the streets selling papers. Let the children tell how they call out their papers, and why they call so loud. Give a boy a bundle of papers and tell him to play that it is a cold morning and that he must sell his papers and be at school by nine o'clock. (Let him put on his cap and turn up his coat collar.) Call the front of the room the street, and have other children in the class hurry along the street, carrying bundles and looking in different directions. The newsboy should run from corner to corner, calling, "Papers! Papers! Morning papers!" in a loud voice, lengthening the "a" in papers and "or" in morning. After several papers have been sold, have another child take the part of the newsboy. Make it as nearly like real life on the streets as possible.

"The Three Billy Goats Gruff," p. 37:

Assign the parts—Big Billy Goat Gruff, Billy Goat Gruff, Wee Billy Goat Gruff, Old Troll. Call one side of the room the hill on which there was very little grass, and the other side the hill upon which the grass looked fresh and sweet. Place newspapers, or pieces of board brought in for the purpose, between the hills for a bridge. Have the old troll lie on the floor near the bridge (pretending to be under it). Have the billy goats look all over the hill for grass and find very little, and say, "No grass to eat. We

can't grow fat! We can't grow fat!" The remainder of the class or school should say, "Poor Billy Goats Gruff, so hungry! No grass to eat, and they could n't grow fat." All the billy goats should look longingly at the other hill, and then discover the bridge and the old troll. Acting as if afraid, they all say, "Trolls sometimes—yes, sometimes—eat billy goats." Then Wee Billy Goat Gruff, pretending to be very brave, says, "I am not afraid. The troll will not eat me, I am so little." And trip, trap! over the bridge he goes, talking to the old troll and running to the hillside as quickly as possible. When Billy Goat Gruff sees that Wee Billy Goat Gruff is safe on the hillside, eating fresh, sweet grass, he says, "I am not afraid," and trip, trap! over the bridge he starts. In a big, deep voice the troll calls out, "Who trips over my bridge?" and Billy Goat Gruff says, "Billy Goat Gruff trips over your bridge." "Where are you going, Billy Goat Gruff?" asks the old troll. "I am going to eat the fresh, sweet grass on the hillside. I want to grow fat." "You are, are you? We'll see about that. I want to grow fat, so I'll come there and eat you." Then in a frightened voice, and acting as if afraid, Billy Goat Gruff should say, "Oh, do not eat me, old troll! Wait until Big Billy Goat Gruff comes along. He will cross the bridge in a minute." The old troll sees he is n't very fat, so he tells him to be off as fast as he can, and trip, trap! trip, trap! goes the bridge. All this time Big Billy Goat Gruff has been watching and listening, and as soon as he sees Billy Goat Gruff is safe on the other side, he says, "I am not afraid of the troll. I can make him run," and he starts, trip, trap! over the bridge. Then the old troll gets very angry, and asks where he is going and what he is going to do. Big Billy Goat Gruff puffs himself up as large as he can, and tells him to come and see how big he is, and the old troll says, "I'll come up there and eat you," and up he comes. Then Big Billy Goat Gruff bumps the old troll with his head as hard as he can, and the troll rolls into the water. Big Billy Goat Gruff runs over and joins his brothers.

TEACHING PHONICS

The keynote of success in teaching phonics in any grade is constant drill and application. When a sound is once taught it should be made so familiar that it can be used instantly in making out new words. This is the sole purpose for which the sounds are taught.

When children enter the second grade without having learned the phonetic facts taught in the First Reader, they should be given special attention and the fundamental points thoroughly taught before taking up the work of the Second Reader.

OUTLINE FOR A PHONIC REVIEW LESSON

1. Introduction to consist of educational games. For instance, call this square (pointing to one upon the board) a block, and see who can run around the block in fifteen seconds. (Teacher holds watch.)

p	v	m	K	h	B
c					E
d					J
b					L
T	r	g	n	f	s

To run around the block is to give the sounds of the letters written in the square. Write upon the board the names of all who succeed.

Let two pupils start at the lower left corner and run around the square, going in opposite directions. Place upon the board the name of the one who gets "home" first.

2. Again let the children form a circle, one being in the center. Give each child a card upon which has been written a letter to be sounded. When John is called upon he must turn his card quickly so all can see it, and give the sound of the letter. If John makes a mistake, the child in the center may get back in the circle by correcting it, John going to the center.

3. Place a number of letters and phonograms upon the board, and tell the children they are to be conductors on motor cars and call streets (sounds) as they pass. Teacher points to a letter, and child gives sound. If an incorrect sound is given, another child acts as conductor and calls the streets. Again, call the letters apples, and see how many each one can eat.

4. Often a new sound may be taught by suggesting a word that contains it and then calling attention to the sound, as "Birds like to fly about and build their nests where they please, and get their own food, but sometimes they are put in something made of wire, shaped like a little house. What do you call that?" Teacher writes the word "cage" when pupils name it. Then have the sound of *c* given several times, and ask pupils to suggest other words beginning with *c*.

5. Drill upon the new sound by having it given as many times as you wave a flag, or by having it given every time you clap your hands, bow your head, or tap on the table.

6. Apply the new sound to words and have them sounded, as—can, came, come.



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